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THE ROLLER-SKATING MANIA.

GLIDING ABOUT NEW YORK'S DIRTY STREETS ON WHEELS—AN AMUSEMENT THAT IS BECOMING FASHIONABLE WITH THE BELLES AND BEAUX.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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THE KEY! THE KEY!

With the current issue the POLICE GAZETTE presents its readers with the KEY to the Heenan-Sayers prize fight. We are well aware that a great many had become impatient over the delay. But they will be recompensed on receiving the KEY, executed as it is in the best style of the engraver's art. Every one who obtained the Supplement with No. 179 should by all means procure this KEY. It lends additional interest to the great "mill" at Farnborough, Eng. By its aid every face present can be readily recognized, a fact well worth considering when it is stated that those present embraced the leading sporting men of the world at that time. Newsdealers should keep a good supply of the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 193, on hand, as there will undoubtedly be a constant demand for that number. Purchasers should insist on having the KEY with this number. No copy is complete without it.

It is to be hoped that resigning from public offices will become fashionable and contagious, especially in New York city, and that the first to be offered will be the Street Commissioners. But alas! we fear that those who find consolation in this hope will be disappointed. Next to an Ohio politician a New York politician can stick closer to the public crib than anybody else in the country. His obtuseness regarding his unfitness for an office and public disapproval of his actions is a splendid vindication of the truth of Darwin's monkey evolving theory.

Divorce suits in the State of Kansas will soon become less as the law becomes more stringent. As many are now contemplating divorce and have already filed their papers in the matter, perhaps a little standard authority, taken from the Session Laws of 1881, may be of service: "That in all divorce cases neither of the parties obtaining such divorce shall be allowed to marry within six months after obtaining such decree, and that any party marrying prior to that time shall be guilty of bigamy."

A NUMBER of recent instances show that newspaper men make the best detectives. A Boston reporter "spotted" Chastine Cox. A Philadelphia reporter tracked Dr. Buchanan, and secured his capture. A New York reporter exposed the parties to a big bond theft in Wall street a few months ago. And now it is a Jersey City reporter who comes to the front in solving the mystery connected with the Hoboken murder and tracing the murderer.

Those enterprising fellows who have begun their annual crusade against the Hebrews at the watering places are not likely to have such smooth sailing after all. The Legislature thinks it has a right to take a hand in this matter and proposes to punish the keepers of these anti-Jewish seaside resorts. The act will prohibit all discrimination on account of "race, creed or color."

FISTIC WARRIORS, TAKE NOTICE.

For some time back there have been a number of ambitious athletes in different parts of the country who have been eager to wear the distinction of being the heavy-weight pugilist of America. These aspirants have issued challenges, talked of "big stakes," wonderful "physical development" and other things pertaining to the fistic art in a way very suggestive of braggadocio. In fact, when we come to consider all the circumstances, it is pretty evident that brag and bluff were their main stock in trade. They knew that Paddy Ryan, the present champion, was surrounded by certain very formidable obstacles that prevented him from having an encounter in the ring; the Governor of Virginia was very anxious to have him for a guest in consideration of Paddy's having won his title in that State. In order to bring this about he sent a member of his official household after the plucky pugilist, who, however, took good care not to make that official's acquaintance. It was during his "little unpleasantness" that would-be heavy-weight champions were most plentiful. They knew they could air their prowess with impunity—without being noticed—and they made the most of their opportunity.

Since Paddy Ryan has been free from the law's interference these valiant warriors have been very quiet; have subsided, in short, into inoffensive citizens. On the contrary, the champion has become very obliging, and is now willing to accommodate all who envy his title. In addition to that, the man who wins it will also win a good round stake, as Paddy Ryan wants, very sensibly, his victory or defeat to be pretty reasonably seasoned with lucre. All challenges will be received and attended to by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

GROWTH OF MORMONISM.

Slavery, whether of soul or body, so thoroughly represses the better nature as to make it insipid and groveling. This has a fresh exemplification in the growth of Mormonism. This nasty fungus has taken root and grows like a cancer. It is spreading out from its local centre at Salt Lake City, like a great plague, into all of the adjoining territories, which are fast becoming contaminated with the loathsome immorality inherent in it. Sound statesmanship demands that this monster be crushed before it shall hiss venomous defiance at the Government and civilization through the rifts of its mountain fastnesses, and require the marshaling of armies to extirpate this hydra-headed monster of revamped barbarism. Like slavery, it brutalizes woman, debases man, and finds succor in ignorance. It is full of priest-craft, and an organized institution of self-ordained Church and State, and opposed to everything but itself, regardless of the best interests of mankind, in that it seeks to control the consciences, labor, and purses of the people, and by the devices of its schools aims to educate only to that extent as to produce faithful contributions to the one institution.

A GOOD MOVE.

The anti-masher ordinance has gone into effect in Chicago and is working beautifully. A few days ago the police raided the entrances to the theatres and drove off the swells that were wont to collect there to try the effect of their smiles on the ladies coming from the matinees. Some of the more obstinate of the street loafers resisted and were in consequence locked up for the night, but as a general rule they disappeared on the arrival of the guardians of the peace. This is said to be the first time in the history of the Garden City when women could promenade the streets without being stared at or insulted. Let the police of this city try the same plan. The "masher" element in New York is on the increase. A lady traveling alone after 9 o'clock in the evening is not safe from insult.

THE WORST YET.

A Husband, Standing Calmly over the Cradle of His Baby Boy, Sends His Wife, Her Sister and Himself Into Eternity.

A half century or more ago two families by the name of McPheeler and Blockson settled on the fertile prairies 7 miles south of Terre Haute, Ind. Here they lived in peace and comfort, raising their families as neighbors and mingling together with bonds of affection experienced only by those who have spent almost a lifetime together and whose surroundings were identical from the time that they located in a wild and unbroken country until they amassed fortunes and were in the midst of as thickly-settled, fertile and beautiful a country as can be found in the West.

Their farms, numbering hundreds of acres, were adjoining, and it was but natural that young Alexander McPheeler should love Miss Alice Blockson and that they should join their fortunes and go down life's uneven path together. The young couple were handsome, well educated and rich, and when the marriage occurred, about 3 years ago, the ceremony was attended by friends and relatives from all over the country, and the affair was heralded everywhere as a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

But their bright prospects did not last and the young couple who had started on so long a voyage, with visions of such perfect happiness, learned that they loved no longer and last winter the young wife left her husband and returned to the home of her parents. Of late the husband has entreated her to return to him but she refused.

After working in the fields all day on the 19th inst. McPheeler drove to Terre Haute and purchased No. 38 Colt's revolver, and, after making several other purchases, returned home. He practiced shooting at a mark for some time, and retired. The following morning at about 8 o'clock he walked to the home of his wife, and, stepping into the room he had been forbidden to enter, asked to see his child, a little boy baby about six weeks old. The mother raised the covering from the little fellow, who lay in the cradle at her side. The father and husband stooped, patted the baby's cheek and kissed him. He then drew a revolver from his hip-pocket, and, without the least show of anger or excitement, fired at Aunt Edna Blockson, the mother of his wife, aged sixty-nine years. The bullet missed the old lady, and lodged in the door-post. The man was not through with his deadly work, however. He again raised the pistol, and a bullet entered the brain of the fair young wife, and she fell across the cradle upon her babe dead. Another shot, and Miss Belle Blockson, sister of the wife, a handsome young lady, lay dead at the feet of the murderer. He stood for a moment to behold what he had done, and, placing the muzzle of the weapon to his temple, fired himself into eternity; his brains scattered over his victims and the little innocent in the cradle. The tragedy has caused intense excitement in that section of the country, and is the theme of general conversation there.

HOW SHOCKING!

Girl Students in Harvard College, and the Trouble They Cause.

There is trouble in Harvard college on account of the admission of girls as students, an innovation that was recently made. It appears that the college has a large library, provided with "authorities" and sofa seats, where the students go to refresh their memories upon certain points in their studies, and the complaint is that the girls will get down some work, of which there is only one copy in the library, and when a young man comes in and desires the same book he is obliged to wait until the girl gets through with it, or else sit down and look it over with her. On a recent occasion a venerable professor entered the library and was surprised to see no less than six girls with books that the young men were desirous of perusing, so desirous, in fact, that the two were seated together eagerly scanning the pages, when the professor entered. The sight fairly caused the glass in his spectacles to bulge out, and it would be a mild expression to say he was shocked. He at once inquired the cause of the extraordinary desire for information that had suddenly sprung up, and the young men, after stanching the flow of blood from the wounds on their hands, where they had raked them on pins a few minutes before, told him plainly that there must be duplicate copies of the books provided, so that the girls could have one and the young men the other. He said he would attend to it the first thing in the morning, and then the old Puritan smiled, as though he had said something cunning. Then he glared around the room at the girls, who, poor things, were sitting with their noses close down to the pages of their books, and studying as though their hearts would break. Then he coughed a couple of times, vaguely, and had the decency to go out.

"Henry," said his wife with chilling severity. "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

SEASONING.

AN Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover till he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.

"Do you dance the quadrille?" "No, but I have a brother Bill who dances the quadrille on the windmill." Somebody please faint.

A CHICAGO drummer has eloped with the six wives of a Salt Lake saint. He believes with Garfield that "Polygamy must be crushed out."

A fair friend asks: "Why do men call everything that women wear on their head a bonnet?" We cannot lie, men do not know a hat-chet.

NINETEEN couples were divorced at the recent term of the Main Supreme Court in Belfast. Even in Belfast, it appears, the marriage knot doesn't always make a belle fast.

A GIRL committed suicide at Delphi, Ind., because her parents would not let her bang her hair. Napoleon banged his hair—then why shouldn't the girls follow so good a general's tactics?

DISTRESSING episode: A lady who quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him: "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

THERE was a gay maiden named Fanny, Who wouldn't darn socks for her granny; But she sat all the day, And she'd hammer away, Like a plumber upon the piany.

A YOUNG gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. "Not knowing, I can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could give you a definite answer."

"WHERE would we be without women?" asks an Ottumwa man. It is hard to determine just which way the majority would drift, but some men we know of would be out of debt and out of trouble, and a good many more out at the seat of their breeches.

THE proprietors of Alpine, Occidental, and Excelsior Groves, upon the Palisades, are getting ready for a brisk picnic season. Young men who attend these festivities should marry their girls now, and thus prevent a hasty exodus when the season is over.

"I SEE very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Chicago ball to a young lady whom he had not met in a long time before. "I know it," was the artless reply; "but my mother wouldn't allow me to wear a very low necked dress to-night, the weather is so cold."

HE loved her: "Don't you love her still?" asked the judge to a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

HONEST CONFESSION: A young lady at an Oshkosh temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters, cider is a necessity to me and I must have it. If it is decided we are not to drink cider I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple."

EVA LEICK, of Brooklyn, sued a young man named Leighton for breach of promise and there was read in evidence a letter beginning: "You dear darling little sugar plum, you are as sweet as a lamb about six months old." Oh! how utter, how utterly utter, as the New Haven Register would say.

A CITIZEN recently discovered his chimney on fire. He hastily rose from his bed and rushed to the nearest police station to give the alarm. Arrived there, he discovered that his clothes didn't fit him and that instead of a shirt he had in his haste run his arms through the sleeves of his wife's drawers.

THE following endearing note was picked up in the street. It is copied verbatim. "Dear Harry, I love you just the same darling I wish I was only your Wife We would be happy woodent We and I wood hug you and kiss you then I wood bee in your arms by this time I wood sing then my love come in tomorrow from your loving Wife Clara."

A WISCONSIN man's house was burned while he was away. He heard of it, and started for home wild with anxiety. Meeting a neighbor he said: "I know the house is gone, but how about—?" "Your family?" They're all right. Wife, mother-in-law and two children got out all safe. "Oh, d—n the family! Did they get the dog out?"

THE "Chicago Mother's Song" is as follows, according to a leading journal of that city:

"A bustle and a bang,
On the arm-chair gently hang.
The tooth-brush on the soap-dish put away.
Some pearl-powder on the stand,
Clothed hose in her little hand—
Mabel's getting ready for the matinee."

YOUNG men should never lose presence of mind in a trying situation. When you take the girl you love to a picnic, and you wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims, "Oh, George, there's an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother; go for the ant.

A CHICAGO man at Plainfield, Ind., desired to leave his traveling-bag and overcoat while he walked to a place twenty miles distant. He put them in a field, unprotected from thieves except by the sign, "Small-pox—beware!" and when he returned they were right there in the field. But they were twenty feet under ground, buried by health officers. Oh, it takes a Chicago man to be smart.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE woman has preserved a part of her wedding cake for forty-nine years. Wedding cake is famed for making girls dream of their future husbands, and it is believed that the maiden who ate this particular piece of cake now would have a vision in which she would figure as a female Mormon with seven teen husbands, all of whom come home and have jim jams at the same time. That cake has accumulated power with age.

A PARTY of Oshkosh girls were enjoying a private lunch on cold roast beef, chicken and boiled potatoes. Defeat came after an hour's close attention to the task and the feasters lay back in their chairs to breathe more freely. There remained untouched a fine, plump beefsteak pie, the sight of which finally rallied one of the girls who, after wrestling a few moments with her bashfulness, turned to the girl on her right and said: "If you will please unloose my corset, Jane, I think I'll take a hack at it."

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER V.

THE MURDER OF MARY ASHFORD.

One of the most influential families in Tennessee up to the commencement of the civil war was that of the Thorntons of Black Hawk Hall. The rebellion broke the family up. The son perished, fighting gallantly under the Confederate flag. The only daughter died of consumption and the race became extinct. It was not until the last of them had vanished that, among some of the old family papers, documents were discovered which disclosed a most curious chronicle of crime in connection with the head of the house.

That person was an Englishman named Abraham Thornton.

No one knew exactly when he had appeared in Tennessee. He was first known in Memphis as a river trader. He owned a flat boat and traveled up and down the Mississippi as a sort of aquatic peddler, supplying the simple wants of the denizens of the shores on either side.

Upon this modest beginning he founded a large trading house in Memphis and became a rich man.

He was very popular as well, but it was noticed that a cloud seemed continually to oppress his spirit. He moved little in society, refused to be sent to Congress at a time when his election would have been certain and the nomination was offered him, and after his marriage with the belle of Memphis withdrew to Black Hawk Hall, a lovely plantation on the Cumberland river which he had purchased and furnished with princely sumptuousness.

After the extinction of the family gave its secrets to the world that of Abraham Thornton's life became public property.

The wealthy planter and popular citizen was a condemned murderer who had escaped the gallows by a chance which is one of the most interesting romances of crime ever recorded.

The story of that crime is as follows, told from memorandum left by himself in the scraps and clippings from old newspapers found amid the mildewed letters and private papers in a trunk which no one seemed to have touched after his death. As far as can be ascertained even his own family remained in ignorance of their imports and died respecting their husband and father as they never could have respected him if his gloomy story had been known to them.

Abraham Thornton was the son of a respectable blacksmith at Langley, England.

He was a young man of dissolute habits, a hard drinker and a rake. Being a stalwart and handsome fellow, however, he was popular among the young women of the village in spite of his unsavory reputation.

Among his sweethearts was Mary Ashford, a pretty country girl who served her uncle, a farmer, as a housekeeper.

The intimacy between them was supposed to be a very close one, and they were spoken of without reserve as lovers in the most significant sense of the word.

On the 26th of May, 1877, Mary Ashford met Thornton at a dance at Tyburn village. Between 11 and 12 o'clock at night they left the party together. At five o'clock next morning Mary came to the house of a friend where she had dressed for the ball and exchanged her gala garb for her working garments. She said that she had been strolling around with Thornton, talking.

With this explanation she set out for home, on foot and alone, carrying her gay attire in a bundle. Several people saw her, hurrying towards her uncle's house which was a couple of miles from the village.

After the last of these no one but her murderer saw Mary Ashford alive.

After daylight a laborer going to his work saw a bundle near a pit of water alongside of a footpath leading through a field. There were foot-prints all about, those of a man and woman. They converged close to the pit, as if the man had been following the woman at an angle and had come up with her there. These footprints were afterwards found to fit exactly to the shoes Abraham Thornton wore and which were of very peculiar make.

There was blood on the ground, and the trample of a struggle. In the water was the body of Mary Ashford.

She had been violated and strangled and her body bore the marks of brutal blows. She must have struggled hard, as her clothing was torn and her hair dishevelled and several locks of it pulled out by the roots.

Suspicion directed itself at once to Abraham Thornton and he was arrested.

His shoes fitted the footprints and the clothing he had worn to the ball was stained with blood. But while people testified firmly to having seen the murdered girl at 5 o'clock near the scene of her death, others swore that Thornton at that moment was at a place so far

away that he could not possibly have reached the fatal spot before the corpse was discovered.

Both sides stuck to their stories, and after an exciting trial, Thornton received the benefit of the alibi and was declared not guilty.

So much dissatisfied were the friends of Mary Ashford, and the community of that district, that an ancient law, which had become almost obsolete, was resorted to in order to obtain a new trial.

According to this ancient law, a relative or friend of the deceased could appeal a case in which the person accused of murder was acquitted, to the King's Bench, and the brother of Mary Ashford took such an appeal, on which Thornton was again taken into custody and carried to London.

There was another clause of the same law, however, which had come down from feudal times, on which no one had counted.

By it Thornton had a right to repel the appeal by a "wager of battle," or, in other words, a challenge to single combat between the parties.

Greatly to the astonishment of the judges, the bar, and all who were spectators, and, indeed, to the whole civilized world, Thornton availed himself of this right, and in the court threw down his glove, according to ancient custom, as a challenge to the appellant. There was no help for the prosecution. The law, however repugnant to the ideas of the nineteenth century, was still unrepelled, and after long arguments by counsel, the court decided that the right of defence in this way was co-eval with the right to appeal such a case.

But young Ashford was a mere stripling, while Thornton was an athletic man, and a personal combat, with such odds against him, gave little promise of any better success in establishing the guilt of the accused, than was had at the first trial. Ashford therefore declined the combat, and by the law the appeal could not be sustained, so that Thornton escaped another trial. Public opinion drove him out of England, and he crossed the Atlantic and settled in Tennessee as we have shown.

The detailed story of Mary Ashford's death was never known.

Her murderer persistently asserted his innocence and apart from the visible facts and the deductions to be derived from them, the tragedy remains to-day a fascinating mystery of crime.

For the benefit of any of our English cousins who experience a desire to kill their sweethearts nowadays, we may as well state that the ordeal of battle law was promptly repealed when the Thornton case reminded the lawmakers of its existence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Next week's "Crimes and Criminals" will review instances in which circumstantial evidence has led to the discovery of remarkable crimes. It will be one of the most interesting installments in the series.

FOOLING THE OLD MAN.

The Very Clever Trick Played Upon His Sweetheart's Father—Winning a Wife by Strategy.

For some months past one of the tony young men of Cumberland, Va., has been paying his attentions in a very devoted manner to a young lady out in the rural districts, and for a time everything passed off fine. But as there must be a termination of all things, so this was no exception to the general rule.

Parental influence was brought into use in this case and an injunction emanating from this quarter was issued, forestalling the young gentleman from making further visits to the domicile of this beauty. But this was not sufficient to stop them and consequently a series of clandestine meetings has been kept up for the past 4 or 5 months, greatly to the discomfort and displeasure of the father of the young lady. So one night last week the father concluded to watch his daughter and see if he could not bring the thing to a focus.

He secreted himself along the road towards the town and not long did he wait until he saw his daughter clasped in the arms, not of her lover, but a hired hand at the house and her, too, a married man. This so provoked his ire that he tore his hair in frenzy and cried for revenge. Just when he got to the highest pitch of his rage and was emitting sparks of sarcasm in the shape of choice Sunday school language, the untimely lover came on the scene and the father besought him to save his daughter from shame and disgrace.

"Take her and my blessing go with thee, but don't let me see my daughter driven from home in disgrace and dishonor."

An amicable settlement was made between them, by which the young gentleman is to wed the young lady and get a share of the large farm. The old man was not aware of the fact that his daughter being with the hired man was a put up job; that the young lady made a confederate of this married man and had induced him to incur the eternal enmity of her father in playing this shrewd little game.

It had worked and now, since he has been made acquainted with the facts in the case, he can laugh over it as well as any one. Peace has been restored and our Adonis is now all O. K.

REV. W. G. VEAL, a Methodist minister at Waxahachie, Texas has been fined \$1,000 and costs for a carnal assault on a lady. His church and the Masonic fraternity have expelled him.

THE POET PARSON

Who Courted the Muses for Very Wicked Purposes—A Jury Who Did Not Appreciate Poetry.

In 1868 there resided at Shelburn, Ind., one Dr. Buskirk, who practiced medicine, was a Methodist minister, and was at that time the Master of the Masonic Lodge in his town. In the same town resided Hamilton G. Jones, a well-to-do carpenter. Dr. Buskirk had married his own cousin, who was also a cousin to the wife of Jones, and Mrs. Jones was also his cousin. Jones was Tiler of the Lodge over which the doctor presided. Likewise the doctor was physician for the Jones family, and Mrs. Jones had become a convert to religion under the powerful preaching of the doctor, and had joined his church.

The serpent in the garden seems to have first disclosed his cloven foot one evening in the summer of 1868, when the doctor was leaving the Jones' residence. Mrs. Jones accompanied him to the gate, where he remarked to her:

"Duck, let's play off on Tyrhene and Ham," meaning his wife and Jones.

"Do you want to ruin us both?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he answered, "such things are common in this part of the country;" a reflection on the good people of that county which was unjust.

Winter passed away and the roses of spring were again in bloom when it became necessary for the doctor to visit the Grand Lodge at Indianapolis as the delegate from his Lodge, and at the same time it became necessary for Mrs. Jones to go to the same place to replenish her stock of bonnets and hats, for she kept the leading millinery store in Shelburn. As the doctor was her kinsman, her physical and spiritual physician and a brother Mason of her husband, nothing could have been more proper than that he should be her escort.

On the night of May 25, 1869, at about two o'clock in the morning, the doctor accomplished his ruin in the parlor of the Spencer House in Indianapolis. The next evening they went to Greencastle, and, after spending the night together, she came on to her home, and the doctor went south to Gosport, where he had an engagement to preach the next day.

The injured husband was unfortunately "dead in love" with his wife. In fact, he idolized her. They had no children. She was a magnificent specimen of female development, and he a dried-up sample of the male sex. She was then about 40, her husband 52 and the doctor 48. As is general in such cases the public in time began to suspect what the husband could not see. In 1874 Mrs. Buskirk died—a trifling circumstance in favor of the illicit lovers.

On the 8th of March, 1880, the doctor married again. Mrs. Jones took this very much to heart, and when her husband questioned her as to her grief, she told him that she was lonesome, and longed to visit some relatives at Banbridge. He let her go there. During her absence one Sunday the husband went rummaging through her trunk for some article that he needed. Finally, at the bottom of the trunk he came upon a queer parcel, which in the goodness of his soul he supposed contained some rare seeds which his prudent wife had laid away—perhaps of some delicate flowers which she would plant upon his grave when his beating heart had ceased to throb for her. With loving delicacy he untied the yarn string which held them together, and before his astonished gaze lay the proofs of his wife's infidelity, for the package contained fifteen letters which the doctor had written her. These missives were practical, very much so, as the following will show:

"In my office and very Lonely But still I think of thee."
"Time speeds away the world moves on and I am lonely here."
Your presence would afford relief.
That presence is not here."

"If I could take thee in my arms
And claim thee as my own
I'd want no other bliss on earth
But work for glittering gold."

"A smile from that loved face of thine
Fills my heart with joy
And makes me think of bygone days
Which I so much enjoyed."

"I expect to Love the tho'
You my words dispute;
You are deceived by other folks,
Who do not tell the truth."

"Throw off those doubts and jealous fears,
Caused by what others say;
Their lying tongues to you deceive,
Mind not what legends may say."

"I cannot say farewell to you,
I Love you far to well.
Those words do almost brake my heart;
O Duck don't say farewell."

"There is no form so sweet on earth
As that of thine to me.
I cannot cannot give the up;
Don't say farewell to me."

"Lyes come to you from sinfull lips,
Our love they try to sever.
But myne is too strong to cast away,
Its growing in the heart to stay forever and forever."

I am glad you called that farewell Back,
It would have pricked my heart forever."

Somehow he could not close without the use of those delightfully suggestive morals.

Time went by, and he seemed to live over (in his mind) the joys of the trip to Indianapolis, and on that he unbosomed himself in the following touching lines:

"MEMORY."

"The memory of the past
Fills my pore hart with Joy.
Could I enjoy that bliss again
I'd count this world a cloy."

"The memory of the time
When we in concert joined
To spend two nights together
In love's fond embrace we joined."

"My mind still loves to feast
On that happy time;
The happiest hours I ever spent
Was in your arms confined."

"Engraven on my memory
Will that loved time remain,
Till reason loses all its powers
And I am no more sane."

"O tell me, dearest, that you love me,
That love make known by solemn vow;
Prove true, for one, to what you tell me,
Tho' sun and moon may cease to shine."

"I love to steal a while away
From all the cares of day,
And think of that loved form of thine,
So sweet and angel-like to me."

The third epistle, though written in prose, is very poetical in sentiment, as witness the following:

"Loved One—In reply to yours I just say I love thee. I love thee and that thou dost know. But how much I love thee I cannot show unless I have a good opportunity. Then I am sure I could, dear. I have to say though art the star that guides me. Could I but clasp thee in my arms and say though art my own no other earthly bliss I think I would be untold. It just appears to me that if you ever mine we could have all the pleasure that earth could afford among all the women that I know of Duck I love you the best."

"where ere I go what other persons I view my hart untrameled still turns to you my mind is continually troubled a bout you I think of you day and knight."

"My love for you can never never die it is ingrain on the tablets of memory never to be erased."

"As regards your request with others I will not go with them only when coudes demands it for it is no pleasure to me only to kill time as regards the Sunday School picknick as an officer in the school I will have to go and I do want you to go any Body has the wright to go by paying \$1 for the trip there an back there will be lots go that does not belong to the Sunday school go with us if you please."

"Now to close I say
the road is wide
the sea is deep
& in your arms I'd love to sleep
and dream away time Duck had I a thousand
tongues to speak I could not tell you how much
I love you nor how well Yours till death Cums."

On a Sunday afternoon the reverend doctor remembered a moonlight matinee he had held with "Duck," and proceeded to reduce it to verse in the following graphic style. It will be seen from the date that they selected the cool season for star-gazing.

March 5, 1873.

TO MY DARLING.

Last night as we staid
Neath the light of the moon
With our arms round each other
You looked lovelier to me
Than ever before
And sweeter than paradise roses.

Those tresses of hair
Looked so bright and so rare
They struck my hart with emotion
O if they was mine
What a pleasure I'd find
In pressing the close to my bosom
Blavest thou this

Mr. Jones immediately entered suit for a divorce against Mrs. Jones; also a suit for damages against the doctor.

The letters clinched the testimony against the reverend poet and the jury, made up of 12 citizens of the locality where he had said such practices were general, decided that he should pay the injured husband \$1,750. They reached the amount by estimating the injury at \$8 per week for 13 years, making on that basis a total of \$182; but as the woman had in that time been absent several months they allowed him a rebate on that time.

A CUNNING WOMAN IS MRS. POOLE.

The latest sensation is the extraordinary case of Mr. and Mrs. Poole, a couple who were clandestinely married in New York two years ago. The husband had to pledge himself to remain a stranger to his wife until she consented to publicly announce their marriage. Recently he learned that her motives were mercenary. He commanded her to live with him; she refused, and he comes home here to sue for a divorce on the grounds of desertion. The wife, not wanting a divorce, followed on, and, believing that the suit would not hold if cohabiting could be proved, offered to live with him. The husband refused, and the wife resorted to cunning. She made him intoxicated and engaged rooms at a hotel, where he found himself next morning with his wife, who packed up immediately afterward and left, defying him to divorce her for desertion.

COL. DEVOR's death was published in the St. Louis newspapers. Next day the same papers said that he was alive. The supposed correction was based on the positive assertion of a railroad conductor that Col. Devor had been a passenger in his train that morning. On the third day, the notice of his death was reiterated. Somebody had undertaken to ride on the dead man's pass, and that had led the conductor astray.



MARRIAGE CEREMONY WHICH TOOK PLACE AN HOUR BEFORE THE MURDER.



MURDERING MINA MULLER IN THE WOODS NORTH OF WEEHAWKEN.



MARTIN KENKOWSKY, ALIAS KETTLER, IN HIS CELL.



MARTIN KENKOWSKY,
THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF MINA MULLER.



MINA MULLER,
MURDERED BY HER PARAMOUR, KENKOWSKY.



AUGUSTUS A. SEIDE,
THE JERSEY CITY REPORTER WHO SOLVED
THE WEEHAWKEN MYSTERY.



FINDING THE BODY OF MINA SCHMIDT, ALIAS MULLER, ALIAS KENKOWSKY, WHERE IT HAD BEEN LEFT BY HER HUSBAND.

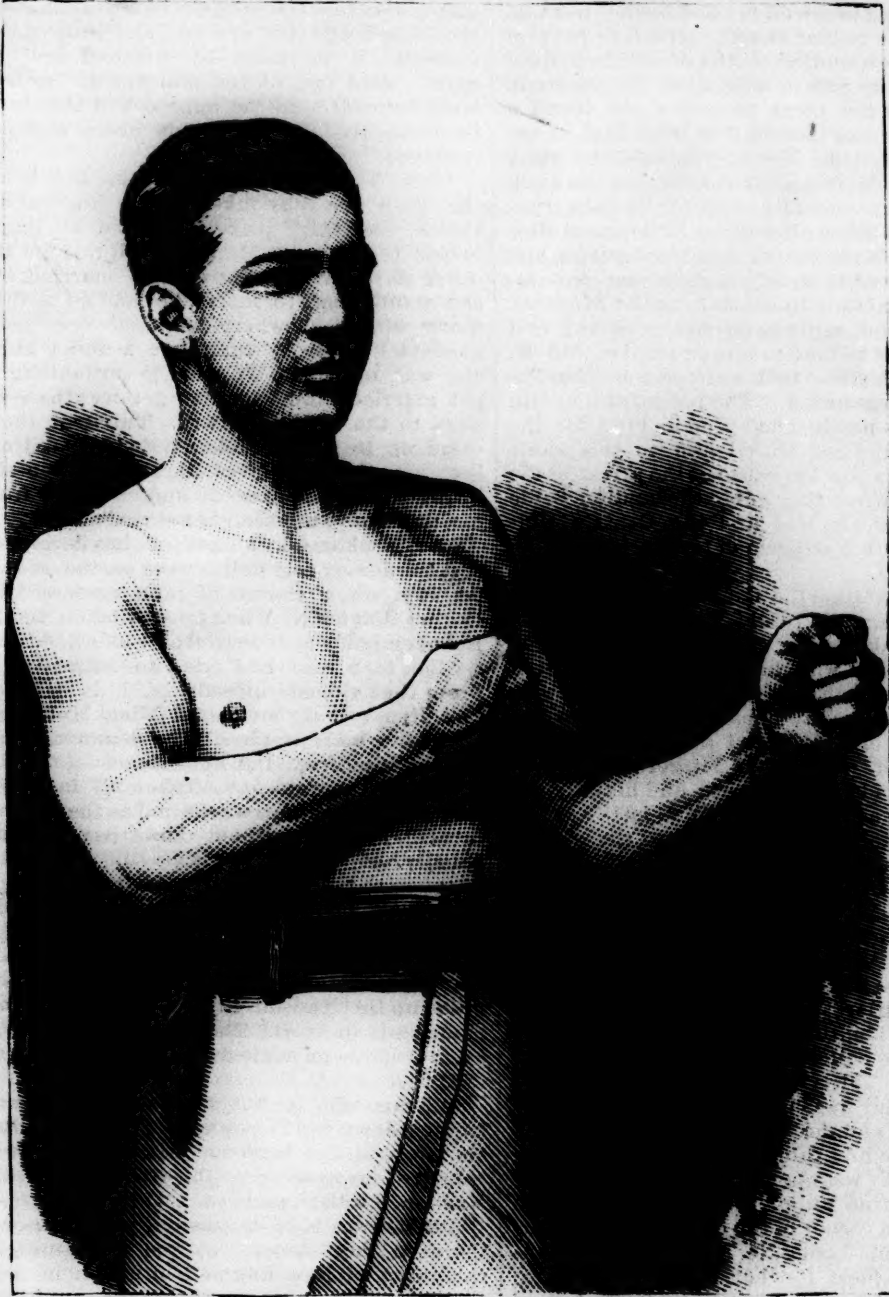
THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT WEEHAWKEN, N. J.

Disgraceful Row in a Cemetery.

Charles Evans cemetery, near Reading, witnessed a terrible fight between two men living in that city, the cause being that one of the parties wished to erect a tombstone on the grave of a deceased lady friend, who happened to be the sister of the other man. The parties in question are John W. Chason and Louis Kretz. The latter was a frequent visitor at the house of Chason up to the time of the death of the lady. Kretz wanted to put up a tombstone over the grave of the woman, but Chason objected and said he would have this work attended to. This, however, did not deter Kretz from having the tombstone gotten up with the name and age of the lady cut thereon, after which it was taken to the grave. The two men met at the cemetery and from words proceeded to blows, which were given with a will, each party presenting a frightful appearance. Chason had several teeth knocked out, while the other man fared about the same. Kretz had also planted some flowers on the grave, which the irate brother immediately pulled out. Chason also inserted a notice in the papers strictly prohibiting the erection of a tombstone on the grave of his deceased sister, unless ordered by himself. If the attempt is again undertaken he promises to make it lively for anyone engaged in the affair.

Mike Cleary, Noted Pugilist.

Mike Cleary, of Philadelphia, was born in Queens County, Ireland, in 1858. From a youth he has been a resident of Philadelphia and gained great reputation as a pugilist, having figured at all the prize fights in that vicinity, also at the numerous sparring exhibitions. He is a strong, powerful young athlete and is possessed of great muscular development. He stands 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighs 160 pounds. He has only fought one battle in the arena, when his opponent was Weeden, the light-weight English pugilist, who killed Walker in the prize ring and after died from the effects of that terrific battle. Cleary beat



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

MIKE CLEARY,

NOTED PUGILIST, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.



REGINA HARTFELDT,

WHO CHARGED KENKOWSKY WITH CRIMINAL ASSAULT ON HER.

Weeden in 38 rounds after a desperate battle which lasted 1 hour and 38 minutes.

Cleary's ambition is to be champion pugilist of America. He recently declared that he was

ready to fight John L. Sullivan, the Boston pugilist, and several Philadelphia sporting men believe that he is able to defeat the champion of the Hub. Cleary is a clever boxer possessed of great science, and he has a host of admirers in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. He desires us to state that he is ready at any time to fight Sullivan for a purse of \$1,000.

A Conjugal Ducking.

Next-door neighbors in large cities are as a general thing not very neighborly. They cultivate a non-acquaintance, and the greater strangers they are, the better they seemed to be pleased. An exception to this rule was a couple living on 45th street, this city. The husband of one family became enamored of the wife of his neighbor, and their respective

partners became indignant, and resolved to have revenge. It was customary for the wayward couple to meet in the evening by the fence which divided their houses, and there talk "sweet nothings" in a more than neighborly way. The neglected wife and husband consulted each other, and formed a little plan of punishment. They both got up in the second stories of their respective domiciles, each armed with a pail of ice water. While the amorous couple were enjoying a quiet, loving chat, the signal was given, and splash went the two pails of ice water, drenching the recreant pair to the skin, and, no doubt, cooling their ardor.

A Room or Death.

That was a determined couple out in Lead-

ville, Col., who went to a hotel, and requested a room for the night, and on being refused drew a revolver each, and gave the clerk his choice between giving them a room or becoming a funeral. The clerk had been instructed to exclude all persons who were any way suspicious in their actions, and when this couple put in an appearance, he resolved at once to see their marriage certificate, and failing, bounce them. When he made the call, they responded with their pops. It is needless to add they got the room.

Pluck Rewarded.

A despatch from Richmond, Va., says:

"Westland Pierce, a young gentleman of this place, has for some time past been in love with Miss Daisy Soemaker, the pretty daughter of a farmer living near this place. The young lady's parents objected but the lover persuaded his sweetheart, who was under 21 years of age, to elope with him. It was agreed that she should take her father's buggy and drive into an adjoining county, where her lover would be waiting with a magistrate and witnesses to consummate the marriage.

"In the morning when the time came for Miss Daisy to start her courage failed and she refused to go. Her sister Jane, a bewitching brunette two years her senior, who was in the plot, begged her to keep her trust in vain. She said if Daisy did not keep her word with Pierce she would go herself. She got into the buggy and dashed off despite the screams of her sister who could not divine her purpose. Miss Jane reached the meeting place, explanations were made and she said she was willing to take her sister's place. The lover, touched by her pluck and charmed by her determination not to let the plan fail, did actually marry her on the spot."

Among the worshippers at a church in London, Ontario, was a man who groaned. This was for a while taken as evidence of devoutness, but eventually it became a nuisance, and he was requested to be less noisy or stay away from the meetings. He would take neither



POLICE CAPTAIN WASHBURN,

IN WHOSE PRECINCT KENKOWSKY WAS CAPTURED.

course, and was therefore arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace. He regards himself as a Christian martyr, and will not give bail, preferring to languish in jail until his trial.



REVOLVERS VS. A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

A SUSPICIOUS COUPLE APPLY FOR A ROOM AT A HOTEL, AND ON BEING ASKED BY THE CLERK FOR THEIR MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE PRODUCE A PAIR OF "POPS"; LEADVILLE, COL.



DON'T COVET YOUR NEIGHBOR'S WIFE OR HUSBAND

HOW A HUSBAND AND WIFE SERVED THEIR RESPECTIVE PARTNERS BECAUSE THEY DID NOT FOLLOW THIS COMMANDMENT; NEW YORK CITY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Weehawken Murder.

On Friday morning, 13th inst., a German, whose purpose was to gather green leaves to sell to florists in this city, entered the path leading from Bergen avenue in the district known as Bull's Ferry, north of Weehawken. He had followed it eastward toward the river about 100 feet, and had turned aside to the right about twenty feet, when he was appalled by almost stepping upon the dead body of a woman. He hurried away to inform the police.

Early in the afternoon Coroner Wiggins, of Hoboken, visited the spot and made a careful examination. He judged that the woman had not been over 25 years old. Along the top of the head on the left side was a deep gash, and beneath it the skull was fractured. There was another gash over the right eye. Both of these gashes were apparently made with the edge of a stone. The nose was broken in the middle. The right side of the head had apparently been crushed by a stone. The left ear was injured as if an ear-ring had been torn from it. Search was made for the missing ear-ring, but it was not found. Her face had become blackened by the sun, which shown upon the spot where the body lay. The features were small and symmetrical. She wore number one or number two buttoned shoes.

An investigation was at once begun by the coroner, but without much success.

Gary Fink, the proprietor of a saloon, in Bergenline avenue, near the place where the murder was committed, sent word that on Sunday a man and a woman entered his barroom while he was out and asked his wife for a cork-screw. They had a bottle of Rhine wine and they drew the cork and drank about half the contents. They then corked the bottle up and went away, taking it with them.

This clue was followed out almost to the end by a reporter for a Jersey City newspaper named Seide. It was generally believed that the man who left the saloon with the young woman was her murderer, and that he had taken passage for France on the steamship *Amerique*. Seide recognized that there was a flaw in this theory. He went to the office of the French steamship company and learned that no person of Kettler's (the suspected murderer) description had been there. Baggage corresponding to what Kettler was supposed to have taken with him the superintendent had not seen on the pier.

Seide then began a search for the truckman who moved Kettler's baggage from the hotel where he had been stopping. Mr. Scherrer, the proprietor, told Seide that he had seen the truckman often in the neighborhood, but did not know his name or where he kept. He, however, described him to Seide as a tall, well-built man, with dark moustache and dark complexion. The reporter started out, and visited the truck stands between Christopher and Twentieth streets, but could not find his man. Returning to Scherrer's, he found a man, whom he describes as a "dillapitated individual," taking a drink at the bar. Seide again asked Scherrer for a description of the truckman. Scherrer gave it as before, adding that he drove a red truck with one brown horse. Here the "dillapitated individual" spoke up and said the truckman might be found at Christopher and Bleeker streets. On inquiring there Seide learned that he changed his stand a few days ago, but where he had gone no one in the immediate vicinity could tell. He, however, discovered that his name was C. A. Strang. He then made inquiries for Strang's whereabouts in various smithies and liquor stores, and in one of the latter he ascertained that Strang lived in Greenwich street, on the west side, a few doors below Christopher street. He was asked if, on the morning of the sailing of the *Amerique*, he had taken baggage belonging to Kettler to the steamship wharf. He replied that he had not; he had taken the baggage to Mrs. Clifford's at 179 Charles street, and about ten days afterward he had removed the valise and three ordinary yellow trunks to 510 West Thirty-sixth street. The other trunk, which was long and black, he had not seen again. He was not sure whether he had taken the first load on the 3d or 4th inst. He at first refused to go with them to the house in Charles street, saying he was too busy, but when Seide and Stanton offered to pay him for his time he consented.

Mrs. Clifford said that a man answering Kettler's description had come to the house either on the 3d or 4th inst., and she remembered that Strang had brought a valise and four trunks. Kettler had remained at the house about ten days, paying her regularly. Once he paid her with a five-dollar gold piece. She did not notice anything peculiar or restless in his behavior. He kept to the house pretty closely, though he was generally out nights. She saw, however, that he read the newspapers very closely. He told her that he was going to California. When asked if on his departure he had taken all his baggage, she said no, he had left a long black trunk, which they would find in the woodshed. They opened the trunk and found it full of crockery and cooking utensils. They carried it to Strang's truck, and directed Strang to carry it to the house in Thirty-sixth street, to ask for Kettler, and if he was there to give them a sign, as they would remain out-

side. Strang inquired for Kettler, but was told that no man of that name lived there; but that a man corresponding to the description lived. One flight up with a wife and two children. Strang took the trunk up stairs, and found a woman, a young boy, and a little girl in the room designated. The woman said the trunk belonged to Martin Kenkowsky, her husband, and offered to pay fifty cents for its delivery.

Seide had taken Detective Stanton, of Jersey City, into the search and the reporter and detective went to an adjoining house and received permission to watch from the windows. Seide went out again to speak to Strang and while he was talking to him in front of 510 W. Thirty-sixth street both were arrested by Policeman Tregonning. The police of Captain Washburn's precinct had been looking for the same man and had traced him to this same house. This was the cause of the arrest of the two men. When they got to the station Seide explained who he was and the Captain sent him back with a policeman to get Stanton to identify him.

In the meantime the Captain had sent Policeman Fitzgerald to aid Tregonning in arresting Kenkowsky. The policeman, Seide and Stanton, who had meanwhile relieved Seide of his embarrassment, waited about 3 hours when they saw a man answering to the description of the alleged murderer walking up the street. Policeman Fitzgerald arrested him. He made no resistance and his only exclamation was in German: "Was ist? Was ist?" He was at once taken to the station and locked up.

Sergeant Brown was sent down for Scherrer and a policeman was despatched for Strang. Scherrer arrived about 20 minutes after the arrest and identified the prisoner as the man who had been at his house under the name of Kettler. Strang also soon appeared and he also identified Kettler.

Meanwhile policemen had entered the room at 520 West Thirty-sixth street, notified the woman of her husband's arrest and taken the four trunks and the valise to the station.

Almost the first thing found when one of the yellow trunks was opened was a letter addressed to Mrs. Mina Muller, 338 West Thirty-ninth street. On a corner of the envelope was printed, "Germania Lodge No. 70, K. of H." It contained a request for her to attend a lodge meeting on Jan. 10. The trunks were full of articles of female attire and in one of them a pair of men's gloves was found, stained with dirt and badly torn as though whoever wore them had been handling some rough object. It is thought that Kenkowsky wore these gloves when he was married and when he crushed Mina Muller's skull with stones. A gray wrapper and a straw bonnet and table covers were among the other objects found.

At about half-past nine the prisoner's wife arrived at the station with her boy, who was crying bitterly. She asked why her husband had been arrested and why the trunks had been carried away. When asked what was his name she said "Martin Kenkowsky" and said that they had been married 10 years ago in Alsace and had only been in this country about half a year. Her husband was a mason and kalsominer. When asked if he had been at home regularly lately she said he had been absent about ten days in the early part of this month.

"Do you know," asked the interpreter (the woman and her husband spoke in German) "that he married another woman, and killed her?"

"I don't believe it," she replied firmly, while the boy cried more loudly than before. "I don't believe it!" she reiterated. "Let me see him! Don't cry my child," (turning to the boy) "or you will make me weep. Don't cry!" Here her voice faltered and she burst into tears.

She was then led to the cell. Here a heart-rending scene occurred. She threw herself with her child against the grating, sobbing and calling for her husband. He was far back in the cell, and when he heard her and the child, he shrieked from out of the darkness: "Katrina! Katrina! Merciful Heavens! My child! My child! Great God, are you here?"

Then he rushed forward to the cell door, pressed his face against the iron trellis work, lifted his hands and called out: "Before God I stand a guiltless man, and if I die I die guiltless. I was misled by the wicked woman; she led me astray. My God, Katrina! Katrina! Give me your hand!"

Here he thrust his hand through the cell gate, and his wife clasped it. She was too much overcome to speak for a while, and the child moaned and sobbed. Kenkowsky continued reiterating his innocence, when he called out again, "The wicked woman misled me; she led me astray."

His wife exclaimed: "Have I not been a good wife? Have I not prayed to God for you?" Then she sobbed again. After a while she said to him: "I don't believe you killed her! I don't believe it!" After this she and the child were led away, and he called after them: "By God, Katrina, I am innocent; I am innocent."

The woman said he had always been a good husband to her, nor did she seem to know anything of Mina Muller. She said nothing when asked what she had thought when her husband came back with three yellow trunks after an absence of ten days.

Shortly after the woman left, Kenkowsky

was led before the Sergeant for examination. He looked wild and nervous, and gesticulated violently. "He must be watched well tonight," said one of the policemen, "or he'll hang himself." As he approached the desk, he suddenly threw up his arms and exclaimed:

"Now, I will tell you the truth. If it is not the truth you may take a knife and cut my throat, like this," (here he pulled his finger across his neck). "Mina Schmidt told me the other day that she knew I was married, but she wanted me to marry her and go to Germany with her, where she had very good parents living. At that time I didn't know she was married. We went to Guttenberg to get married, and when we got over there we went to the Schutzen Park. Two men there came up to me and told me that she did not love me, that she loved another. When she heard this she sprang up and ran away from me, and I have not seen her since."

Since Kenkowsky's capture it has developed that the Jersey City police were on the search for him on a charge of rape, preferred by Regina Hartfeldt. When he was taken to the Hoboken jail, she appeared and identified him as the man who had tried to outrage her. From the evidence already in, it is believed that Kenkowsky murdered Mina Muller an hour after marrying her. The death struggle was, judging from the appearance of the deceased, a desperate one. Taken all in all he is about as villainous a criminal as the records furnish, and will without doubt pay the full penalty.

The Flood-Sullivan Prize Fight.

The prize fight between John Sullivan, of Boston, and Jack Flood, of New York, took place on the 16th inst. on a barge, six miles up the Hudson River. The match was made early in April. The men were to fight at catch-weights on some day in May for a purse of \$1,000.

Sullivan, who is but 23 years of age, was trained down to 185 pounds. During the past six weeks he has been subjected to a severe course of exercise under the direction of Billy Madden, a retired pugilist.

Sullivan was born in Boston, and is known there to the "fancy" as the heavy-weight champion of New England, although he has never earned any such title by pugilistic prowess, the only way in which he has earned his notorious distinction being in rough and tumble fights.

Flood was born in Ireland and came to this country when a mere boy. He has resided principally in New York city. He is 26 years of age and when he entered the ring tipped the beam at 180 pounds, having lost 30 pounds during his course of training, which was conducted principally under the direction of Geo. Rooke, the middle-weight champion of America.

Flood was seconded by Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris, while Joe Goss and Billy Madden seconded Sullivan.

Considerable wrangling over a referee resulted in the choice of Al. Smith. This selection was greeted with cheers. Mr. Smith announced that the fight would be a perfectly square one for a purse of \$1,000. Of this amount \$750 was to go to the winner, but what disposition was to be made of the remainder nobody seemed to know. Mr. Smith said the rules of the English prize ring would prevail.

At 10:40 time was called and principles and seconds stepped forward quickly and indulged in a fraternal hand-shake all round.

Round 1. The men faced each other and with a common purpose to bring matters to a speedy conclusion struck out right and left. No attempt was made at science, and after fighting at close quarters, in which little damage was done to either, Flood was fought down at the ropes. Time, 2 minutes.

Round 2. Sullivan countered heavily on Flood's head. Flood replied with two body blows in quick succession. Sullivan then rushed into his antagonist, clinched and threw him heavily. Time, 1m. 30s.

Round 3. Without an effort to strike a blow Sullivan clinched with Flood and tried to throw him. The latter struggled manfully to free himself and finally succeeded, only to be caught again in the vice-like clutch of Sullivan and thrown heavily. No blows were struck. Time 2m.

Round 4. At the call of time Sullivan was quick to respond but the excuse came from Flood's corner that he had broken a shoe string. In repairing the damage 4 minutes were spent and the old sports jibed Flood's seconds on what was thought to be a flimsy pretext to gain a breathing spell. As the men finally faced each other it was evident that Flood was growing weak, while on the other hand his opponent was as fresh as at the beginning and went to work on Flood's body as though he were practicing on a sand bag. After some close fighting in Flood's corner, the latter became suddenly dazed and threw up his hands and Sullivan took advantage of the fine target thus afforded and dealt his victim a stunning blow in the stomach, doubling him up and knocking him over the ropes. Time, 2 minutes.

Round 5. In the vain endeavor to retrieve his losses Flood rushed wildly into his opponent's corner, who caught him in the neck with his right and knocked him clear off his feet. Flood looked about in a way which indicated

that he was not very sure how he came there. Time, 30 seconds.

Round 6. Flood began to show signs of sickness, but started the round by leading with his right. Sullivan ducked and closed. In this round they fought all around the ring, driving each other right and left. Sullivan's blows were the heavier by far and when Flood found that he could do no damage he went down amid the derisive laughter of the spectators. Time, 1 minute.

Round 7. Flood made an apology for a counter, which fell far short of the mark, and Sullivan replied with a ringing blow on Flood's left ear. They then clinched and tried to choke each other. Failing in this, they began hugging like a pair of excited women. The round was brought to a conclusion by Sullivan catching Flood round the waist and throwing him heavily, falling on top of him. Time 1 min. 30 sec.

Round 8. Flood's condition was lamentable. As he approached the scratch with uneven step Sullivan dealt him a heavy right-hander in the neck that sent him under the ropes all doubled up. This was the only square blow struck in the fight and when, a moment later, the sponge was thrown up no one was surprised. The time of the fight was exactly 16 minutes.

Sullivan quit the ring as fresh as when he entered it, but Flood had to be carried out. The blood was spurting from his wounded ear and one side of his face was badly swollen. As they put him to bed in the cabin he retched badly and some excitement was caused by a report put in circulation that he was dying. After an hour, however, he was on deck and explained his defeat by saying that he had eaten too much supper. Shortly after the fight Referee Smith passed around the hat and collected \$98 for the loser. Of this Sullivan contributed \$10. The fight was a mauling match.

Paddy Ryan, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of America, announces his readiness to fight any man in the United States and refers all aspirants for his title to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, for a statement of the conditions upon which he will fight.

The Astronomer and His Wife—A Successful Stratagem.

What promises to be a lively sensation in the divorce courts of this city before long was developed last week in a handsome residence in a fashionable up-town quarter.

A couple of years ago a marriage took place which caused an immense amount of gossip, owing to the fact that the groom was far along into the December of life, while the bride had hardly got as far as May. To simplify matters we will call the young bride Isabel. When she made her entrance into society she had many suitors, and serious ones, for Isabel was rich and might have married a title with a fortune, so that society wondered why she fixed her choice on Mr. E., a man of twice her age, not at all rich, anything but an Adonis, near-sighted and, to cap the climax, an astronomer, one whose every thought is directed to celestial economy. That he should have snapped at the match was natural but that she should have consented was strange.

Things ran along smoothly with the ill-mated couple until a young blood of good connections and plethoric purse made his appearance on the scene. Isabel was a fantastic being; she was not satisfied with the platonic sweetness of her spouse and so, while he was busy in his search after the missing Pleiade, studied the theory of "Les Atomes Crochues," as developed in a treatise which now is out of print, and more's the pity, eventually finding her kindred atom in the handsome young gentleman, who did not care a fig for star-gazing.

The aged husband did not take very kindly to the young man's visits and the young couple resolved to find a place where they could enjoy each others' society undisturbed. They selected a rendezvous in a house not particularly chaste in its reputation. And so it went on for nearly a year and no one was the wiser, and then the astronomer was called away to the country, where he was obliged to remain 3 months, to the despair of Isabel who was seriously contemplating the engagement of a substitute.

Before going away the old man had fixed a trap in the floor of the parlor. He was determined to fathom his suspicious, and his journey was all a ruse to throw the pair off their guard. About ten o'clock in the evening of the day when he was supposed to be "out of town," he came back home and was quietly let in the basement by a servant who was in his confidence. The latter informed him that Mrs. Isabel had "company," and that she was in the parlor entertaining him. The old man waited a short time, and then prepared to ascend. In the parlor Isabel sat, Isabel not on a chair, oh, no, but right in the young man's lap. They were loving with all the ardor of sixteen couples condensed into one. Suddenly, a strange, creaking noise was heard, accompanied by a species of trembling in the floor. The couple started, saw, slowly rising through a trap-door, first the head, then the shoulders, finally the entire body of the scientist. There was war then and there. The old man left the house, and has not returned. His next performance will be in the role of a petitioner for divorce.

"Alle Samee Like Melican Man."

The shrewdness of the Chinese is proverbial, and novel ways in which their shrewdness is exercised are discovered every day. Every Chinaman looks out for himself first, last and all the time, and after himself for his fellow Celestial, and lastly, in a very moderate degree, for his barbarian employer. The singular actions of Chinese domestic servants have never yet been explained and they are mysteries to a great many housewives. House servants have adopted a novel mode of protection in their positions and they are aided by the employment offices kept by Chinamen, of which there are half a dozen in San Francisco.

For instance, a Chinaman has a position that brings him in \$5 a week. He hears of a position that would give him \$6 a week and he at once endeavors to get it. He succeeds, but arranges that he can get his first place back if the new one does not suit him. This he does by writing on the wall. In some place where a servant would be sure to see it he writes some diabolical sentence concerning the master or mistress of the house, such as, "This no good house; very bad pay." In one case a Chinaman wrote by the faucet in the sink in the kitchen: "Man in this house kill Chinaboy and bury him in back yard." A new Chinaboy is engaged to take the place of the one who has left and, finding these horrible stories of the way his employers treat their servants, he gets away as soon as he can.

If the boy who wrote on the wall before leaving does not like his new place he goes back to the house he left and says he has been to Sacramento or Stockton or any other place known to him by name, and says he wants to go to work again. The employers may have had a dozen Chinamen in a week and none of them would stay, so they are glad to get their old servant back again and welcome him almost with open arms, utterly ignorant that he is the cause of all their trouble in the household.

A Chinaman wrote a clause in one dwelling which, being interpreted, meant: "Master out Chinaboy with knife." Another one reads: "Lady throw stick of wood at Chinaman."

The Chinese servants very soon learn the ways and customs of their Caucasian prototypes. They can fight in the kitchen, be gallant in the parlor, and perform many services that white servants would not. As yet these heathen have not given much attention to the professions except that of medicine. There are a number of skilled Chinese physicians in San Francisco, and a great many patronize them and find satisfaction in so doing.

The Roller-Skating Mania.

The juveniles of New York astonished the elder portion of the community this season by the sudden development of a mania for roller-skating in the streets. Every urchin that was able to afford the luxury has substituted wooden rollers for the conventional method of getting over ground. Johnny would no more think of walking to the grocery store for you now than would his sister think of going to school in a cab. He couldn't do it. He must put on those roller skates and no quantity of logic would persuade him that he did not save time by the operation.

His sister is just as bad as he is. In fact, the whole juvenile army has revolted. They no longer take to their heels but to their rollers. Scarcely had the snow left the sidewalks when helter-skelter came a troop of boys and girls, reeling and tottering on their new-found means of locomotion. Of course every boy and girl in the city wanted to join the procession. Nothing but the fifteen puzzle has ever scored such a universal success in the juvenile world. Nor is it strange when we remember that there never was a child who did not want a velocipede and that these skates are only a cheaper substitute. The wonder is that the sport was not introduced before. For years roller-skating has been a favorite indoor amusement at times when ice could not be had for the purpose, yet it was only at the very end of last season that a few pioneers could have been seen on the streets.

This mania for roller-skating has not been wholly confined to the juvenile portion of creation. Young men and women have become affected with it as well. In some of the up-town streets may be occasionally seen maidens and youths beyond their teens gliding gracefully along.

A Funny Old Man.

A peculiar hallucination under which mankind frequently labors was strikingly illustrated in Louisville, Ky. The story is told by a party of ladies who were returning home from an entertainment. They say that in passing the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets their attention was attracted to an old man who was standing against the fence in front of the Christian church. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and his conduct was so strange that they stopped to watch him. The old man was about three sheets in the wind, with "the fourth fluttering," and evidently imagined that he was at home, getting ready to go to bed. He braced himself up against the fence, muttering and shaking his head in a very solemn manner, and first removed his hat, which he hung upon the fence. He then gravely squatted down and pulled off both boots and stockings, afterward straightening himself up and unbuttoning his coat and vest, which he removed and hung beside

his hat. He then took off his collar and tie and placed them beside his coat. Having thus completed the process of disrobing, he braced himself up several times and stepped over the fence. He evidently expected to land in bed, and was considerably astonished when he fell into the mud and water on the other side. He gradually picked himself up, shook his head, looked all around, and then prepared to step back over the fence, evidently thinking he had jumped clear over the bed. One of the gentlemen, afraid that he would hurt himself on the pavement, approached the old gentleman and persuaded him to get back in his clothes, and then put him in charge of a policeman, who promised to take him home.

Training for a Trapezist.

Notwithstanding the dangers that attend trapeze performers, there are always plenty of aspirants for the position. Neck breaking and back breaking, which have recently become so common among this class of performers, do not seem to deter others from engaging in the business. There are two or three academies for instructing pupils in this business and, if the proprietors are to be believed, they are never at a want for pupils.

They embrace all classes of society and are all animated by the same motive. They noticed at the theatres what an advantage trapeze performing has for displaying a fine figure, and they became vain and desired to do likewise. They read on the programme that Mile. Highflier received \$1,000 in gold for each performance—positively \$1,000 in gold—and considered a female trapezist better than an angel. To be admired and applauded by thousands and then paid such a vast sum for doing what was only a little fun when you learned the art, were considerations quite likely to turn the head of a giddy girl. And that there has been a good deal of head turning the trapeze teachers can give good proof.

The instructions embrace all the rules for developing the arms and legs. Upon these members a pupil must depend for success. If sufficient power cannot be developed to stand the severe strains which a performer undergoes it is useless to continue the business. The means of development usually employed are swings, pulleys and dumb bells. In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE our artist has represented a handsome aspirant for trapeze honors taking her first lesson.

The Frolicsome Old Boy.

A correspondent from Lewiston, Me., sends an account of a little domestic rumpus which recently occurred in that place. The parties implicated are well known. Deacon — is a zealous worker in the vineyard, but still finds time to do a little frolicking as well. He delights in the society of young people and enters as heartily into their amusement as the best of them. Bowling, racing, flirting or kissing found in him a good patron. His wife, of course, did not approve of his boyish actions; but that did not worry him much. Recently she became forcible in her disapproval, and it is thought that the deacon will now quiet down. He was journeying up along a back street when he met a young lady, and proposed to her that they imitate some children who were playing "teeter tawler." Securing a good, stout plank they put it across the fence, got on each end, and went sailing up and down as happy as two youngsters playing "hokey." In the midst of all this joy a vision of trouble arose in the shape of the deacon's wife. She declared herself then and there. The deacon's best high hat is riddled, and so is Mrs. —'s best broom. "I'll learn him to be gallivantin' around like a young sprout," she says when describing her encounter.

Ducking a Slanderer.

The public officials of Dodge City, Kansas, have a very effective way of curing scribblers who take delight in writing falsehoods about them to the press. M. C. Ruby, agent for the Adams Express Company at Dodge City, wrote a letter to the Oskaloosa, Ia., *Herald*, in which he abused the city officials shamefully. By chance, James H. Kelly, the Mayor of Dodge City, got hold of one of the papers containing the letter. He showed it to City Marshal Masterson and his assistant, Neal Brown, and the three agreed to give Ruby a good ducking. They soon found him and brought him up to the water tank by the railroad. An engine was taking water and the trio made the culprit mount the tender and stand under the spout. They kept guard over him for about 5 minutes. His slandering abilities were completely drenched out of him. He left town that night and has not been heard of since.

A Mysterious Death.

The body of a young man named Grenier was found last week suspended by one foot, with the head downward, from a bridge spanning Green's Creek, about six miles from Ottawa. The neck was broken. He had left the city in the afternoon with a pair of fractious colts, which were found on the bridge from which the body was hanging. It is a mystery how the body got in the position in which it was found, or how Grenier met his death.

A Ghostly Mouthful.

Mr. Gastineau, of Homestead, Ky., is the owner of a very intelligent dog. Last week he left the house, and was gone about half a day,

Then he returned home bearing in his mouth the head of a man who was identified as a stock trader who had been missing for several days. The rest of the body cannot be found.

Buried in a Quagmire.

A negro boy who lived on Mr. J. C. Lites' place, near Abbeville, S. C., while going to his work, riding a mule, went into a mire. The mule was taken from the mire with difficulty, his head only being visible when discovered. No traces of the boy have as yet been found.

GOT TRIPPED UP.

A "Young Single Gentleman," Who did not Connect With His Plans.

Some interest has been excited at Steubenville, Ohio, by a young man who has been carrying on quite a flirtation with a young lady of that city. He had been quite a lion among the fair maidens, being handsome, entertaining, etc., but was especially devoted to the above-mentioned damsel, and continued to pay her attention until the young lady learned that he was already the possessor of a wife, and one evening when he called she casually inquired if he knew a certain family in the village referred to above—naming his wife's family. He replied, "Oh, yes, I know the family." The young lady then said: "Yes, there is one member of that family with whom you should be very well acquainted." Then the young man "smelled a mile," and hastily bidding the young lady good evening, "took a short walk all by himself."

It seems that the young man had followed the occupation of an auctioneer and traveling salesman for a wholesale liquor firm, that he had become acquainted with a very handsome young lady living in a village in Jefferson county situated about five miles from the Ohio river. He paid assiduous court to her, and at last won her promise to become his wife. The nuptials were celebrated in due time, and the couple lived happy for some months, until he strayed away and played the part of a "single gentleman." The young lady who had been deceived by him was defended by her mother, who attacked the young man on the street, and gave him an old-fashioned "tongue lashing." He says he had a perfect right to pass for a single gentleman, and have flirtations with the young ladies, and it wasn't anybody's business either. There will probably be an interesting scene in the little village in Jefferson county when the wife and husband will be brought together.

THE MANLY ART.

A Pair of Human Terriers Engage in a Lively Scrap, all on Account of a Woman.

Two burly bruisers of Pittsburgh, Pa., named Dominick O'Connor and Jimmy Kaine, had a lively scrap at McKee's Rocks, a short distance from that city down the Ohio River, last week. They were matched for a rough-and-tumble fight at \$100 a side, and there was bad feeling between the parties in consequence of O'Connor having insulted Kaine's wife a day or two previous. The match was arranged with great secrecy in order to keep away the police. It was witnessed by about thirty sports, and was a lively mill of the go-as-you-please order. Both men have achieved reputations as hard hitters.

Kaine stripped about twenty pounds heavier than O'Connor, and when time was called for the first round they went at it viciously, biting, chewing and knocking. O'Connor was sent to grass as a starter, and Kaine jumped on him and chewed his nose nearly off. O'Connor reciprocated by getting his molars in Kaine's ear, and biting out a delicate morsel. Time was called in Kaine's favor.

On the second round Kaine led off by chopping O'Connor in the mug with a heavy, round-armed knock. O'Connor came back at him, and after thumping him twice on the jaw gouged one of his eyes nearly out. Round for O'Connor.

On the third round Kaine led off with several well-placed blows, and the war closed in a close bull-dog tussle, in which chunks of flesh were chewed out of one another in free and easy style. Kaine finally got O'Connor down, and slugged him in the head until he was insensible, when the stakes were given to Kaine. Time of match, forty minutes. O'Connor is dissatisfied with the result, and a second match will likely be arranged.

MARY'S ROMEO IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Atkins Lawrence, a well-known actor, who has been performing in Miss Mary Anderson's dramatic company, was before a Philadelphia magistrate recently to answer the charge of deserting his wife, Louisa Lawrence, and failing and refusing to provide for her maintenance since September last. After a consultation between counsel the hearing was postponed. Mr. Lawrence entering \$500 bail to answer at court. Mrs. Lawrence, the complainant, is an actress, formerly in the Philadelphia Museum stock company, and the second matrimonial partner of the actor. The prosecution aver that proceedings were contemplated against Mr. Lawrence about a year ago, but that a truce was agreed upon, on condition that he should pay a certain sum weekly to his wife. This he did for a time, but discontinued it last September.

PERILS OF SLEEPING CARS.

The Dangers Lone Gentlemen are Subjected to—What is Driving Thousands of Men to Early Graves.

There is a good deal of interest manifested these days on the part of the American people relative to the matter of separate sleeping cars for the two sexes. It is a move in the right direction, and we hope it will win. As it is now, no gentleman traveling alone is safe.

Several months ago, entirely alone, we traveled from Laramie to Chicago and back, making the round trip with no escort whatever. Our wife was detained at home, and that entire journey was made with no one to whom we could look for protection.

When we returned our hair had turned perfectly white with the horror of those dreadful nights.

There was one woman from Philadelphia, whose name we will not mention, and who rode all the way between Omaha and Chicago in our car. Almost the first thing when we started out of Omaha, she began to make advances towards us by asking us if we would not hold her lunch basket while she went after a drink.

She also asked us for our knife to peel an orange.

These things look small and insignificant, but in the light of later developments they are of vital importance.

That evening we saw with horror that the woman's section adjoined our own.

We asked the conductor if this could not be changed, but he laughed gaily and told us to seek our head, or some such unfeeling remark.

That is one bad feature of the present system. A man traveling alone gets no sympathy or assistance from the conductor.

It would be impossible to describe the horror and apprehension of that awful night. All through its vigils we suffered on till near morning, when tired nature yielded and we fell into a troubled sleep.

There we lay, fair and beautiful in the soft light of approaching day, thousands of miles from our home, and, less than 10 feet away, a great horrid woman from Pennsylvania, to whom we had not even been introduced.

How we could have slept so soundly under the circumstances we are yet unable to tell, but after perhaps 20 minutes of slumber we saw, above the footboard of our berth and peering over at us, the face of that woman. With a wild bound we were on our feet in the aisle of the car. The other berths had all disappeared but ours.

The other passengers were sitting quietly in their seats, and it was half-past nine o'clock. The woman from Pennsylvania was in the day coach.

It was only a horrid dream.

But supposing that it had been a reality! And any man who travels alone is liable to be insulted at any time. We do not care for luxury in traveling. All we want is the assurance that we are safe.

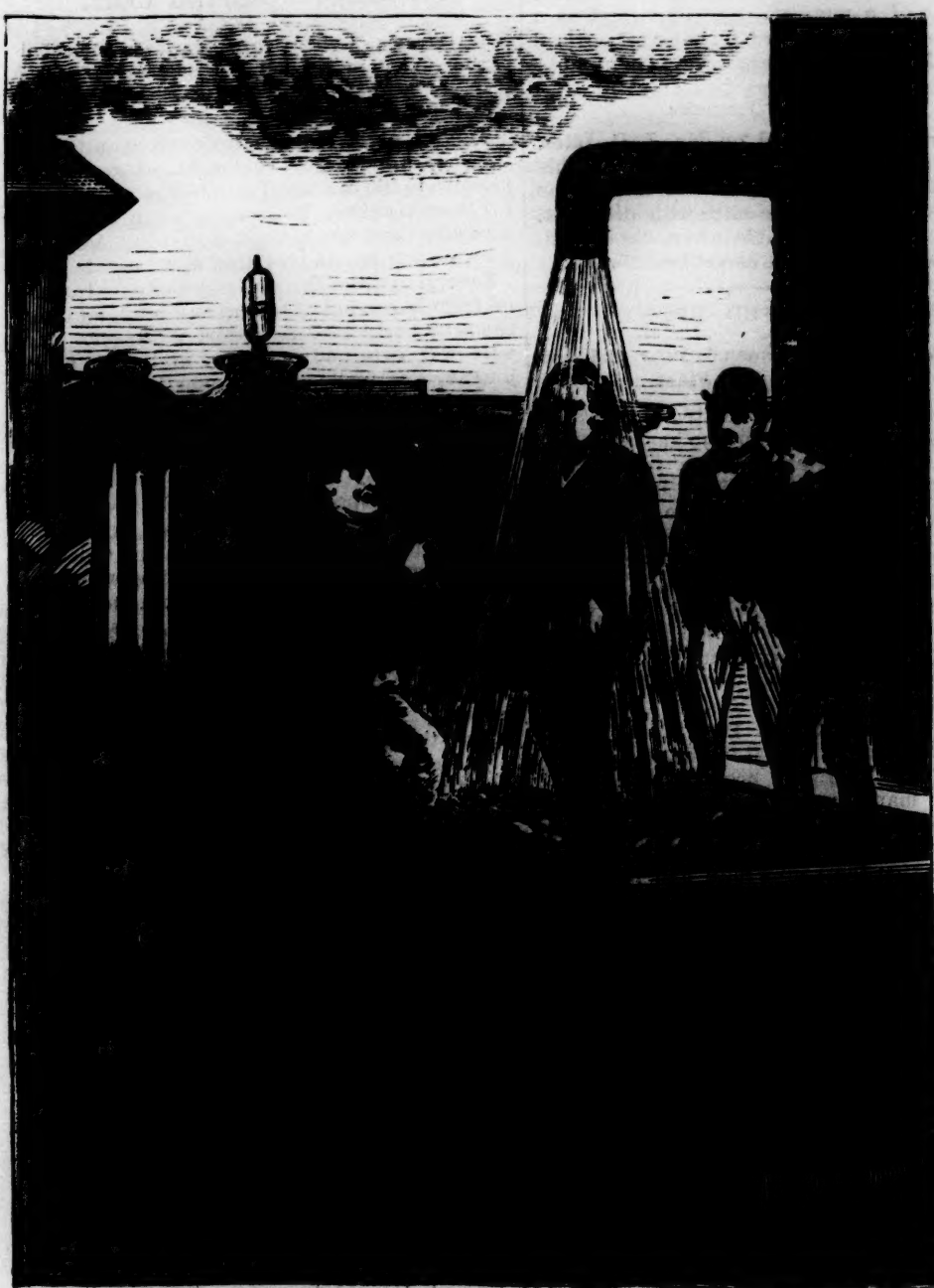
The experience which we have narrated above is only one of a thousand. Did you ever note the careworn look of the man who is traveling alone? The wild, hunted expression on the countenance and the horrible apprehension that is depicted there?

You may talk about the various causes that are leading men downward to early graves, but the nervous strain induced by the fear that while they are taking out their false teeth or buttoning their suspenders, prying eyes are looking over the foot-board of their berth, is constructing more new-made graves than consumption or the Ute war.—*Nye's Boomers.*

BIG GRAB.

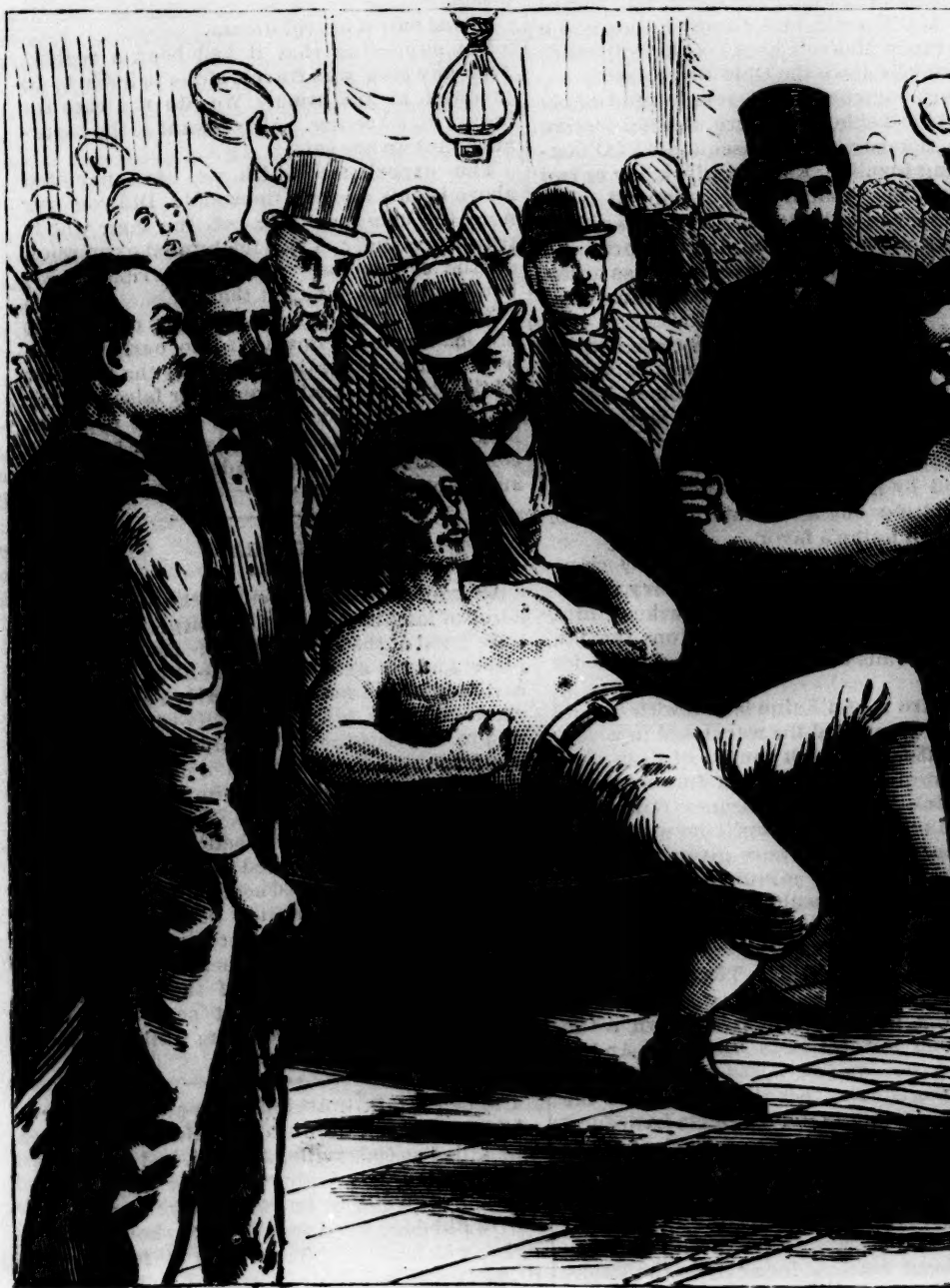
An important suit affecting the title to 100 acres of land in the heart of Fargo, Dakota, is to be tried at the June term of court in that place, and not a little excitement has been occasioned by the fear that Francis Peronto, the claimant, has a good title. Peronto, who is said to be a half-breed, took up his abode there when the site of the city was a part of the reservation belonging to the Sisseton, Wahpeton, Sioux and Bannock Indians. In May, 1873, the reservation was opened to settlement, but the treaty, it is said, stipulated that all half-breeds should be entitled to 160 acres apiece. This is the foundation of Peronto's claim. The trial is likely to be a lively one, for it will involve a dispute with the Northern Pacific Railroad as well as the value of a deed of the property in dispute, which the claimant says a lawyer fraudulently obtained from him while he was drunk.

CURLY BILL, a notorious desperado, leader of the cow-boys who murdered Marshal White, was killed at Galeville, Arizona, last week by a companion, Jim Wallace. After a demonstration by Wallace on Sheriff Breckenridge, Curly Bill demanded that Wallace should apologize, which he did. Then after a few more drinks Curly Bill said: "I guess I will kill you on general principles." Wallace stepped out of the saloon and at once opened fire, inflicting a mortal wound. After a brief hearing Wallace was discharged and immediately disappeared. Thus has the Territory been rid of one of the most lawless villains that ever lived. He committed crime from pure love of doing so.



PUNISHING A SLANDERER.

THE MAYOR OF DODGE CITY, KANSAS, AND A COUPLE OF HIS ASSOCIATES, GIVE A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT A SHOWER-BATH FOR DEFAMING THEIR CHARACTERS IN PRINT.



THE FLOOD-SUIT

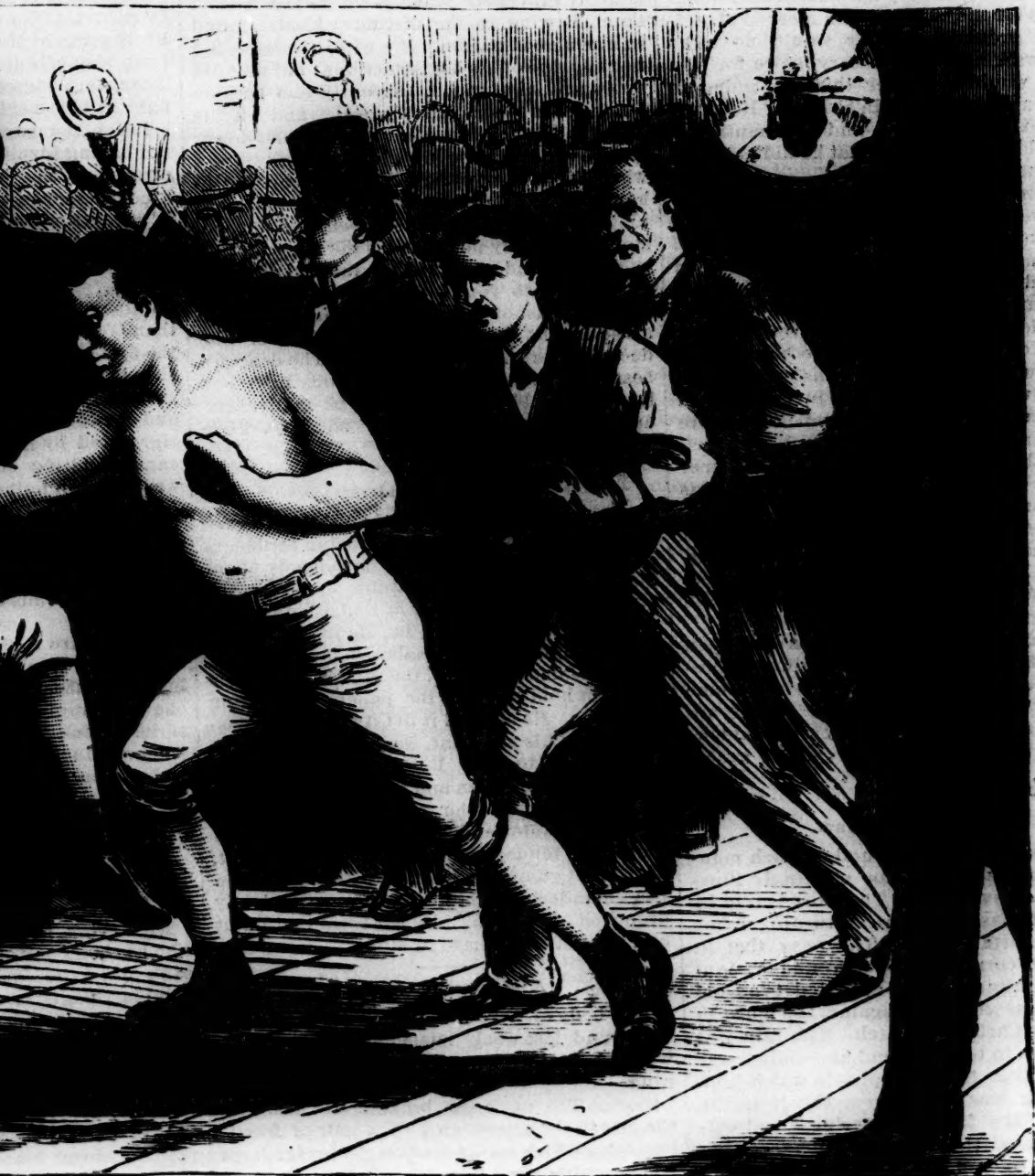
FOR A STAKE OF \$1,000—FOUGHT ON A BARGE SIX MILES UP T
AFTER FIGHT



SPOILING THE DEACON'S FUN.

PAPER

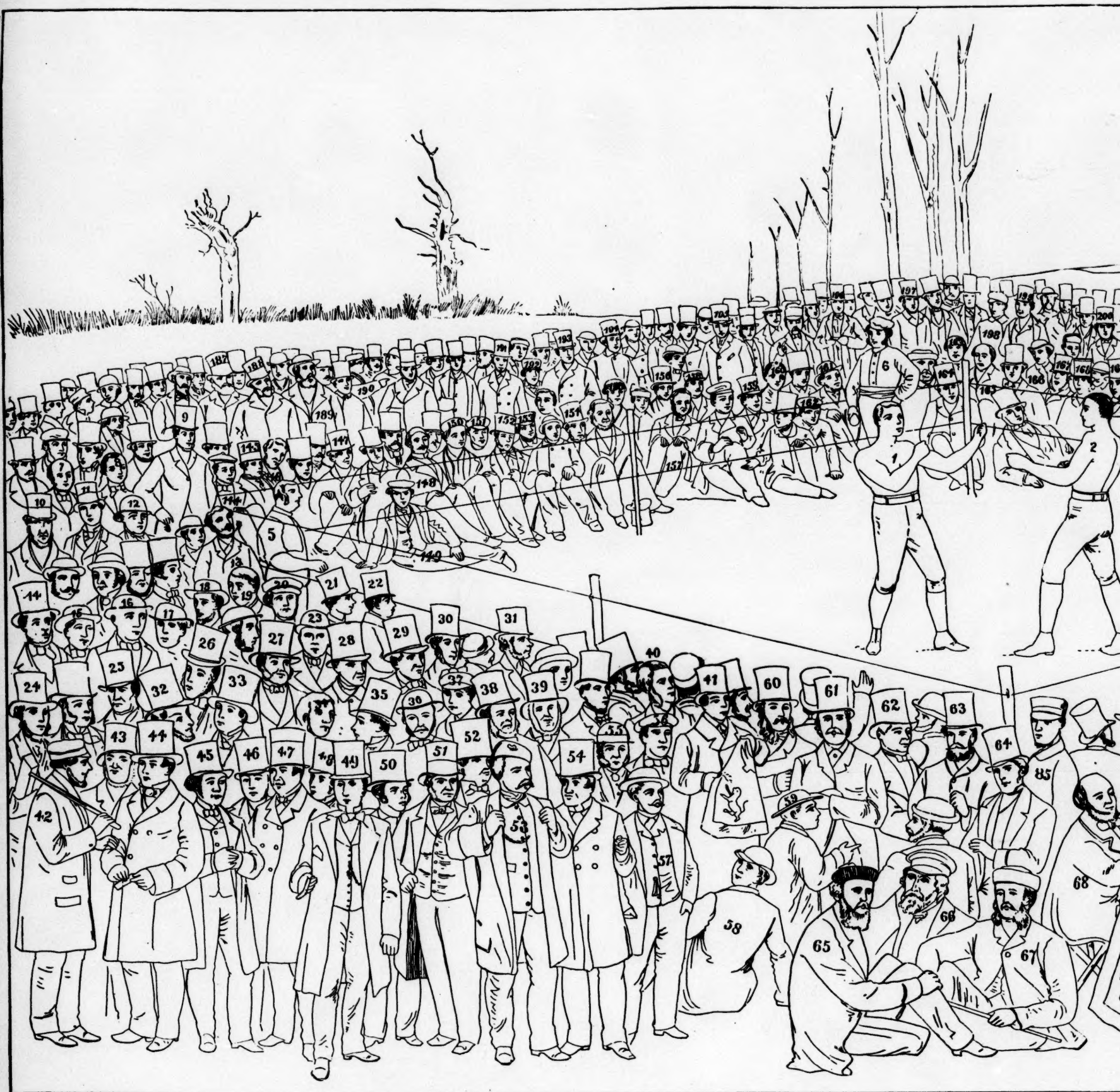
HE ENGAGES IN A CHILDISH GAME WITH A LADY MEMBER OF HIS CHURCH—IS DISCOVERED BY HIS WIFE WHEREAS A RUMPUS ENSUES; LEWISTOWN, ME.



LOOD-SULLIVAN PRIZE FIGHT

ES UP THE HUDSON RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 16TH—SULLIVAN WINS
R FIGHTING EIGHT BOUNDS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE POLICE GAZETTE



KEY TO THE POLICE GAZETTE'S PRESENTATION PICTURE OF THE GREAT HEENAN AND S

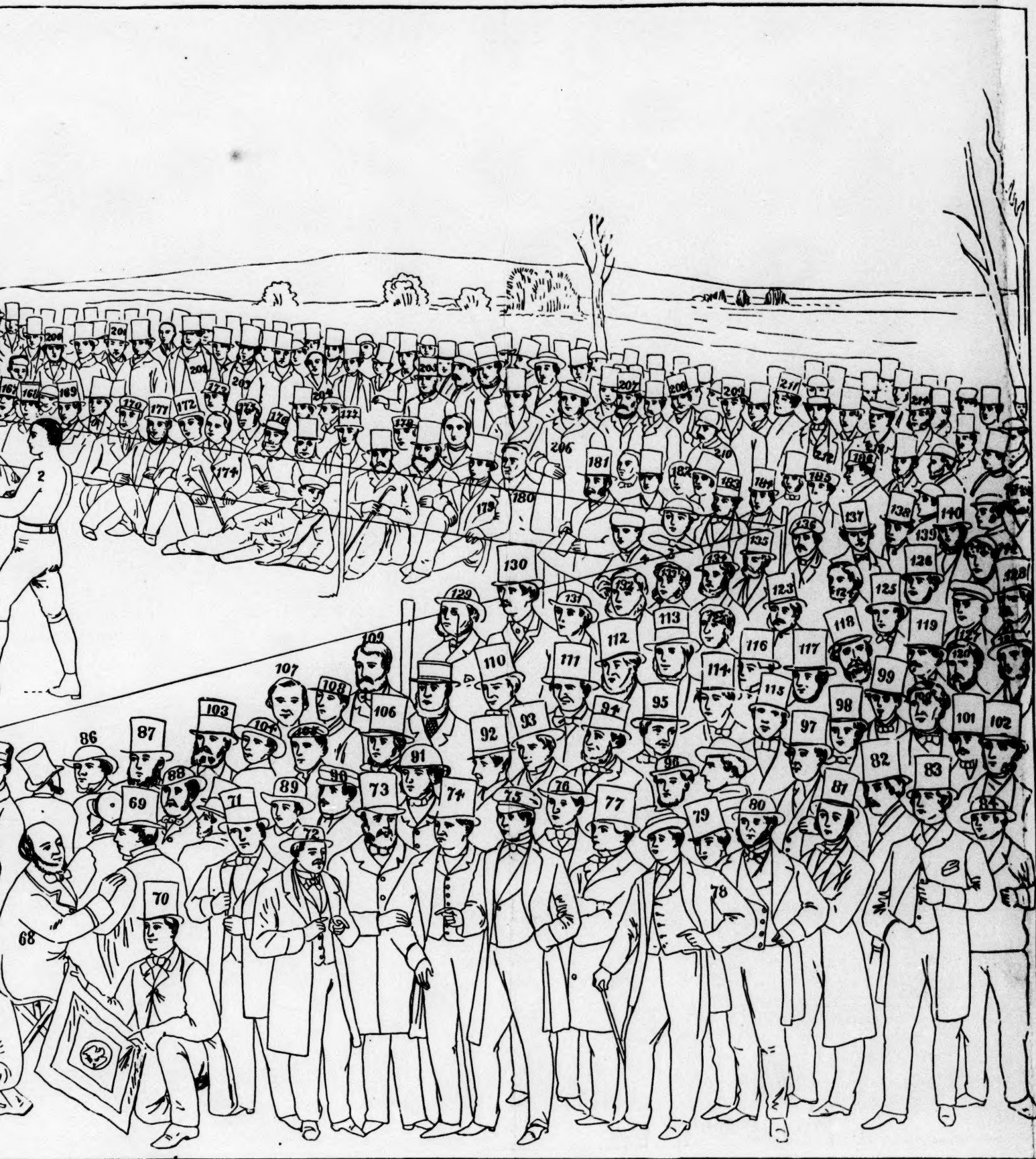
1 Tom Sayers, Champion of England.
2 John Camel Heenan, the Benicia Boy.
3 Jack McDonald, second of Heenan.
4 James Gaisick, second of Heenan.
5 Harry Brunton, second of Sayers.
6 Jimmy Welsh, second of Sayers.
7 Fred Ledger, editor of "The Era."
8 Mr. E. Weston.
9 Farmer Bennett, bottle holder for Sayers.
10 Bill George.
11 Dick Cain.
12 Young Sullivan.
13 Captain W.
14 Mr. James Parish.
15 Sam Cooper.
16 W. Price, of Mile-end.
17 James Pudney, Ex-Champion Pedestrian.
18 Harry Kelly.
19 Robert Chambers.
20 Thomas White.
21 Mr. John Marchant.
22 Bob Travers.
23 Jem Mace.
24 Alec Keen.
25 Jem Ward, Ex-Champion.
26 F. E. Beckwith, Champion Swimmer.
27 Peter Crawley.

28 Tom Paddock.
29 George Sims.
30 Mr. Ross Phillipps.
31 Mr. James Abrahams.
32 Jem Cross, of Greenwich.
33 Dan Collins.
34 Bob Brettie.
35 Mr. Wm. Stiff, of Birmingham.
36 Jack Hamilton.
37 Hill, of Chelsea.
38 Mr. J. T. Knight.
39 George Richardson.
40 Mr. Henry Cooper.
41 Mr. James Handley, with Colors of Sayers.
42 Fred Oliver.
43 Old Tom Oliver.
44 Billy Duncan, Inspector of the Ring.
45 Alf Walker.
46 Mr. W. Cockburn.
47 Jack Grant.
48 Mr. H. Lockwood.
49 Young Reed.
50 Dan McNulty.
51 Mr. William Sayers, father of Tom.
52 Mr. James Searle, of Liverpool.
53 Mr. Thomas Powrie, of Glasgow.
54 Jemmy Shaw.

55 Tom Grant, the Aquatic Trainer.
56 Dan Thomas.
57 Mr. Fred Lillywhite.
58 Joe Goss.
59 Bill Gillam.
60 Captain K.
61 Captain B. B.
62 Mr. James Halford.
63 Captain M.
64 Owen Swift.
65 —M. Esq.
66 G. F. W. Esq.
67 Captain N.
68 Phil Benjamin.
69 Mr. John Chowne.
70 Nat Langham, with Colors of Heenan.
71 Johnny Walker.
72 Dad Cunningham.
73 John Morrissey.
74 Jack Montgomery.
75 John Lawrence.
76 Joe Nolan.
77 George Bryer.
78 Dan Bryant.
79 W. P. Collins.
80 Jerry Noon.
81 Mr. John Gideon, umpire for Sayers.

82 Captain Popham.
83 Fred Chandler.
84 Pugy White.
85 Mr. Alfred Heard.
86 Joe Holles.
87 Captain B.
88 Harry Beed, Champion Pedestrian.
89 Johnny Lazarus.
90 Andrew Purltell.
91 Mr. William Tupper.
92 Mr. James Wynes.
93 Mr. Joseph Stinson.
94 Mr. Somers.
95 George Brown.
96 Mr. Harris.
97 Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant.
98 William Critchley.
99 Mr. F. McCabe.
100 Ben Caunt.
101 Mr. N. Sharp, of "The Sporting Life."
102 Jem Short.
103 Captain M. k.
104 Jemmy Madden.
105 Young Ben Caunt.
106 Ned Roberts.
107 H. M. Esq.
108 Young Billy Shaw.

109 T. S. E.
110 Mr. Holt, of
111 George Cro
112 F. Y.
113 Mr. Thoma
114 George Ro
115 Mike Mad
116 Mr. James
117 Tom Wilco
118 Mr. J. W. I
119 W. Burton
120 S. Murray
121 Charles W
122 Abraham
123 Mr. Hunt.
124 James Ro
125 Mr. Samue
126 Tom Fog
127 Drew.
128 Joey Jones
129 F. S. D., E
130 The editor
131 Jack Garr
132 E. S., Esq.
133 Mr. J. A.
134 James M
135 Mr. Mullig



AND SAYERS CONTEST, FOUGHT AT FARNBOROUGH, ENGLAND, APRIL 17, 1860.

T. S. E. Esq.
Mr. Holt, of "Bell's Life."
George Crockett.
F. Y. Esq.
Mr. Thomas Metcalfe.
George Rowley.
Mike Madden.
Mr. James Whitehead.
Tom Wilson.
Mr. J. W. Raynor.
W. Burton.
E. Murray, of "The Sporting Telegraph."
Charles Westhall, the Pedestrian.
Abraham Cann, Champion Wrestler.
Mr. Hunt, of "The Sporting Life."
James Rowan, Champion Pedestrian.
Mr. Samuel Steers.
Tom Fog.
Drew.
Joey Jones.
F. S. D., Esq.
The editor of "The Sporting Life."
Jack Garratt.
E. S., Esq.
Mr. J. A. Hildyard.
James M. Jun., Esq.
Mr. Mulligan, backer of Heenan.

136 G. W. Moore.
137 Dan Castella.
138 Mr. Howard, of "Bell's Life."
139 Jack Haley.
140 Starke, of Porter's "Spirit of the Times."
141 John White, Champion Pedestrian.
142 Witham (Fishey).
143 Jackson, the American Deer.
144 Bob Fuller, trainer of Sayers.
145 Joe Rowe.
146 Harry Broome, Ex-Champion.
147 Mr. J. Wilbrow.
148 Captain H.
149 Charles Sayers, brother of Tom.
150 Mr. R. R. Evans.
151 Harry Hawkes.
152 Fred. Broome.
153 Sam Langham, brother of Nat.
154 Dan Ives.
155 Mr. A. Anielah.
156 Mr. Hugh Phillips.
157 Mr. J. C. Baum.
158 Jem Hodgkiss, the celebrated Trainer.
159 Job Cooley.
160 Mr. John Roberts.
161 Mr. W. Pearce.
162 Young Keefe.

163 Alex. Reed.
164 Smith.
165 Ned Adams.
166 Charley Lynch.
167 Pinkstone (Caterer).
168 Gentleman Adams.
169 Charley George.
170 Joe Phelps.
171 Mr. H. Levy.
172 Young Cribb.
173 Bodger Crutchley.
174 Jem Burn.
175 Mr. Chaddock.
176 T. F. Smith.
177 Charley Dowey.
178 Short McGannon.
179 Harry Phelps.
180 Dr. Richardson.
181 Geo. Wilkes, of "Spirit of the Times."
182 Mr. Joseph Jacobs.
183 Farmer Hopwood.
184 Mr. J. S. Wright, of Clifton.
185 Professor Thomas.
186 Chatham, of Nat Langham's.
187 Mr. John Forrester.
188 Captain B. n.
189 Mr. Thomas Wood.

190 Dan Roberts.
191 Kangaroo.
192 Young Lead.
193 Harry Adams.
194 Mr. H. Fleming.
195 Mr. T. Harrison.
196 Mr. Berghaus, Artist for Frank Leslie.
197 Mr. Reynolds.
198 Bob Evans.
199 Mr. S. Belasco.
200 Mr. Saunders.
201 Fred Mason, the Bull-Dog.
202 Mr. John Patton.
203 Harry Orme.
204 Bickles, the Devon Wrestler.
205 Mr. J. Moorehouse Wanless.
206 Dr. Rawling.
207 Mr. Thomas Good.
208 Mr. Charles Good.
209 Mr. Phillip Good.
210 Frank Widdowes.
211 Censor, of "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times."
212 Fatsy Daley.
213 Johnny Walker.
214 Mr. C. Coleman.



TRAINING FOR A LIFE ON THE "FLYING TRAPEZE."

FIRST LESSONS IN THE ART—HOW THE MUSCULAR POWERS OF THE ARMS AND LIMBS ARE DEVELOPED.



A DRUNKEN MAN'S DELUSION.

IMAGINING HIMSELF HOME HE UNDRESSES ON THE STREET, IN A HEAVY RAINSTORM, AND PREPARES FOR BED; LOUISVILLE, KY.



GONE HIGHER BY GOING LOWER.

A JUVENILE DARKEY AND HIS MULE ATTEMPT TO CROSS A QUAGMIRE—HE HAS NOT BEEN SEEN SINCE; ABBYVILLE, S. C.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes---Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.

The Great Battle Between Tom Allen and Mike McCoolle For \$2,000.

How Allen Braved the Gleaming Knives and Revolvers of McCoolle's Partisans,

But Was Robbed of the Fight He Won.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

After the battle between Tom Allen and C. Gallagher, at St. Louis, in which the latter conquered the former, prize ring matters became lively and numerous battles followed.

On Feb. 26, 1889, at Baltimore, Md., Pete Joyce and Newton Montgomery fought for \$400. Montgomery won in 33 rounds, lasting 55 minutes.

Joe Rogers and Ben Griffiths then fought for glory and \$500 in Wyoming Ty. The battle was fought at Black Buttes on March 31, 1889. Rogers was a rattling fighter and won in 12 rounds, 27 minutes.

On April 26, 1889, at Richmond, Va., Tom Hammond and Charley Dougherty fought for \$100 a side. This was a long and desperate battle. Dougherty proved himself a game and scientific pugilist and he won in 86 rounds, lasting 2 hours 10 minutes.

On May 11, 1889, Jimmy Gallagher and Andy Hanley, a noted New York character, fought for \$500 near New Haven, Conn. Bob Smith and Jim Murphy seconded Hanley, while Jack Coughlin and Patey Sheppard seconded Gallagher. Forty-three rounds were fought in 2 hours and 40 minutes, when Gallagher was declared winner.

Gallagher in this fight proved that he was a plucky, scientific pugilist and Hanley made a game and stubborn uphill battle.

At Central City, Col., May 26, 1889, Joe Rogers again entered the ring but he had to lower his colors to Ed. Lewing after fighting 19 bouts in 37 minutes. Rogers would have fought on, but he was thrown on his head in the 19th round and rendered insensible.

On the same day Billy Carroll, a noted pugilist of Baltimore, and Harry Hicken, of England, fought at Freedom, Pa., for \$100 a side. This was a hurrah fight. That is, Carroll's friends decided that the battle should be win, tie or wrangle. Billy White and Jack Ryan seconded Hicken, while John Conway and Jack Fitzgerald seconded Carroll. Hicken was a brother to the famous Abe Hicken, one of the cleverest light-weight pugilists of England. From the commencement of the fight he had the best of it. When, in the third round, a cry of foul was raised, Hicken's seconds were knocked down and Carroll's friends, principally Baltimore roughs, pulled revolvers and began to shoot at Hicken. The latter jumped through the ropes and ran. The friends of Carroll, who were all armed and loaded with whisky, chased him and discharged shot after shot at him. Hicken fortunately escaped. T. Robertson, the referee, decided Carroll the winner. Three rounds were fought in 10 minutes. Hicken sued for the stakes, and recovered the money.

Following this disgraceful affair came an important battle. It was fought at Foster Island, near St. Louis, June 15, 1889. The principals were Tom Allen, of Birmingham, Eng., and Mike McCoolle, of St. Louis, who claimed to be the champion of America. The stakes were \$2,000 and the heavy-weight championship.

A tremendous crowd assembled from all parts of the country and large sums were laid on the result.

McCoolle's seconds were Jerry Donovan and Tom Kelly, while Butt Riley and Sher. Thurston waited upon his opponent. Jack Looney stood umpire for McCoolle. Steve Halloran for Allen, and Val McKinney officiated as referee. The appearance of McCoolle was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering, while but few voices were raised to greet Allen, it being evident that the sympathy of the crowd was largely on the other side of the house. After the men had disrobed, McCoolle, with an air of braggadocio, walked over to Allen's corner, and producing a roll of notes, offered to wager \$1,500 on the result, to which Allen replied to the effect that he had no money, which was hailed with renewed cheers for Mike and jeers for the Britisher. Allen, perceiving how strong the tide was against him, then rose to his feet, and raising his hand to enjoin silence, said:

"Gentlemen, I have no money, or I would freely bet it, and I am very sorry that so much prejudice exists in regard to my nationality. I declared my intentions to become a citizen

of the United States two years ago, and, if you will give me time enough, I will prove myself as worthy a citizen as any of you. I came here to-day to fight this gentleman, and all I ask of you is to give me a fair show. I ask no favors. I have no money, but I am going to try to win some, and will do my best."

This manly speech was applauded by a few, but had little effect on the vast majority, who were blinded by prejudice and admiration for their man, whom they had resolved should win anyhow, as the sequel proved. The betting had all along been in favor of McCoolle at odds of 100 to 75, but the aspect of affairs at the ring side had the effect of causing offers of 2 to 1 to go begging.

The great disparity in the size was really astonishing as they faced each other, and among men less swayed by prejudice it would have been sufficient to have thrown the balance of sympathy upon the side of the smaller man. Allen stripped magnificently, his flesh being firm and hard, and knotted o'er with muscles which looked as though formed of steel, while his eyes sparkled with the lustre of health, and a smile of unbounded confidence overspread his genuine out-and-out "fighting nob." He had given his weight as 170 pounds, but it was adjudged to be nearly nine pounds above that. McCoolle, on the other hand, though he towered far above his antagonist, looked morose and haggard, his flesh seemed soft and flabby; there was a lack of that fine muscular development visible in Allen, and the expression of his eyes was dull and heavy. That he was far from being in perfect condition was patent to all who gazed upon him, and instead of 218 pounds, as his trainer asserted, we should estimate his weight at not less than 224 pounds.

McCoolle was no match for Allen and the latter cut him into mince-meat in the first three rounds.

After 6 rounds had been fought the crowd, which outnumbered Allen's 3 to 1, drew knives and revolvers and tried to intimidate Allen. The drunken crowd was overboiling with excitement and rage and seemed ripe for anything, while the favorite was having the gore sponged from his bruised and horribly disfigured face.

Allen was on the spot at the instant that time was called but McCoolle was slower, coming up with a sudden determination to try and stem the tide which had set in so strongly against him. He doubtless felt the ignominy of suffering an inglorious defeat at the hands of a man so much his inferior in size and weight and, with his usual impetuosity, ungoverned by caution, he made a dash at Allen, who battered away at him with right and left, receiving but a light touch on the face and a few blows on the body. McCoolle then closed and Allen was down but cleverly prevented McCoolle from falling on him.

A fracas now occurred on the outside of the ring and while the crowd surged and swayed backward and forward, and it seemed as if everybody was shouting and yelling and doing all in their power to add to the uproar, some one unsheathed a huge two-edged knife and severed the upper rope in McCoolle's corner. The ring, however, was not broken in, though such an episode was momentarily expected.

The excitement at this juncture was intense and those who had determined to win at all hazards flourished their knives and threw revolvers around with a perfect looseness, giving utterance to all manner of terrible threats with a view to intimidate Allen. McCoolle was completely at Allen's mercy and after receiving half a dozen or more blood letters he fell from sheer exhaustion after a desperate lunge which met naught but empty air.

The ropes lay on the ground in McCoolle's corner and the aspect of affairs showed that a crisis was at hand and a bloody one at that. Although several impromptu fights had taken place and everything looked ripe for a scene of bloodshed, all that was wanting was some leading spirit to break the ice.

Allen came forward undaunted by the glare of the revengeful, passionate looking faces on all sides or the gleam of the knives in the sunlight, and as McCoolle met him in the centre of the ring commenced work at once and after 3 or 4 stinging deliveries, all on the face, he drove McCoolle to the ropes where he used both hands to effect on the piece of raw beefsteak formerly known as Mike's face. Tired of this one-sided work, they clinched and while going down Allen's hand for an instant rested on McCoolle's forehead, whereupon cries of foul were raised by the McCoolle party, the ropes were again cut and the excited mass covered the fighting ground. Clubs were wielded promiscuously and the referee was besieged by enraged men, armed with murderous weapons, who savagely demanded a decision in behalf of the poor, bleeding, almost powerless mass of mortified humanity who had been but a chopping block for Allen.

The referee said he would reserve his decision until the return to St. Louis, and the men gradually dispersed towards the boats, Allen leading an admiring few and McCoolle, almost blind, being led.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A REVEREND in Springfield, Ill., has a bad tempered wife. Becoming enraged at him she cut his Sunday coat, vest and shirt into shreds and then tried to use knife on his body. He concluded that forbearance was no longer a virtue and had her arrested.

ECCENTRIC TANTRUMS.

A MAN 102 years of age has been discovered in southern Ohio. He swears, drinks the strongest kind of rum, has smoked for 72 years and the inhabitants don't know what to make of it.

AN Illinois clergyman met a heart-broken girl on the train, told her there is a better land and supported her fainting form. He helped her off at a small station and found his watch and \$200 gone.

A KANSAS judge has decided that a ticket to admit one is good for husband and wife. The judicial authorities of Utah are cudgeling their brains in endeavoring to say where the line shall be drawn.

THE Baltimore postmaster who was fond of kissing his female clerks has resigned, so as not to embarrass the administration. An administration that would feel embarrassed by kissing would quickly fall into contempt in Washington.

LAWYER Snyder, of Cincinnati, took the occasion in a trial to say that Nannie Murray and Mary McKinney were as bad in character as they were in the face, and when he got out doors they thrashed him soundly, but whether for the attack on their characters or their appearance is not explained.

"THIS is a mighty nice ride," said Fenner C. Clark. This was at Messina, N. M., and the account says that the road lay among giant cottonwoods and bright flowers that perfumed the air. Yet it was strange that Clark thought the ride enjoyable, for he was sitting on a coffin on his way to be hanged.

A MICHIGAN girl went to the parson's with her young man to get married, but just before the knot was tied she was called to the door. She did not come back, and then it was found that she had gone straight to another parson's and married a rich widower who had sent word he was waiting for her there.

A NEW JERSEY preacher, who was annoyed by the ladies of his congregation turning about in their seats paused in his discourse to say: "Ladies, if you will give me your attention for a few moments I will keep a look-out on the door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time for you to make your escape."

"Yes, I know him," the Texas sheriff replied when some one asked him about Red-handed Bill. "I never met him but once. He came down here last February, riding another man's mule, and he left the measure of his neck with me for a lariat." "Did you fit him?" asked the traveler. "Not very well; the blamed thing was too tight, but as he didn't say anything I didn't change it."

A PROVIDENCE paper relates that a servant girl in that city, who has been in this country but a few weeks, was frightened into hysterics by seeing her employer, who had just thrown away a cigarette, emitting smoke through his nose. When she revived she told the gentleman's wife that her husband must certainly be a relative of his Satanic Majesty to have a fire in his head.

THE Elmira Advertiser tells a strange story about a man who recently came there from the east and wearing a blue uniform, on the buttons of which the words "New York and New England Railway" are inscribed. He says his name is Mackrille and that he had betrayed a woman at his home, who in revenge has bewitched him. He has been taken in custody as an insane person.

THE Boston Post says a Chicago clergyman explained to the committee of deacons that the widow was so pretty that no man could help flirting with her, and each of the committee called round to see if he told the truth, and not one of 'em dared rise up in the meeting, with her present, and say the clergyman wasn't right. By sharp management even a jury of deacons can be managed.

JOHN BROWN, living near Datesville, N. C., with a view of breaking a little nephew of the habit of eating dirt, took him out to a tree, and told him of his purpose to hang him. He accordingly tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to a limb. After letting him hang a while, for the purpose of frightening him, he cut the child down. The experiment had been carried too far. The child died from effect of shock and injury.

"I TAKE for a text," said a St. Louis pastor, "the words: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' There are many that come to church who would do well to heed these words. They are of that kind who come here and eat and drink of the good things but who are never on hand when the box is passed around." A tall brother stood up and said: "You're a liar." There was a great commotion, ending in the ejection of the disturber.

A YOUNG married woman 18 months ago was placed in the asylum at Middletown, S. C. She had become melancholy and during this time has refused to speak a word or partake of any food. She was kept alive by injecting food into her stomach. She has lost nearly 100 pounds during this time. The other day she asked for food and said she was hungry. Food was placed before her, which she ate and has since eaten regularly. She is now sane and will be discharged.

"DEACON," said the widow as she gently patted in a feline manner the Maltese tabby that

evidently lay in her lap for that purpose, "do you not long for spring with its balmy breath, its warm sunshine and its gentle showers that awaken nature and put life into everything that has lain cold and dead during the long winter and bring everything up out of the cold ground into light and life?" "Well, hardly," responded the old deacon, "you know I buried my second wife last fall."

ALL the saloons in Springfield, Ill., were closed on Sunday by order of the Mayor, but "thousands of people, saloon keepers and their patrons, repaired to Lincoln Park, near a brewery, and more beer was drank by Springfield's citizens than in any twenty-four hours for a number of years." Late in the afternoon there was a drunken riot, in which things generally were smashed, and one man was seriously wounded, and the Sheriff had to be called on to restore peace.

AN Alabama father committed suicide because he thought his wife loved their daughter more than she did him; a California girl because her father married a woman who was her junior; a Rhode Island mason because he carelessly built a wall out of plumb; a Georgia negro because he could not feel that he had a satisfactory quantity or quality of piety; a Maine farmer because a balky horse exasperated him; and a Michigan bride because her husband of three days swore at her.

SCOTT rode fifty miles, in New Mexico, to oblige a friend by murdering Donovan. He found Donovan in a saloon, gained an introduction, and sat down to play an ostensibly amiable game of cards. But Donovan was an observant man, and he saw that his companion was more excited than the game warranted; so he slyly drew his revolver, cocked it, and laid it across his knees under the table. Consequently, when Scott cried, "I have come to kill you," and attempted to shoot, he received a death wound instead of giving one.

An interesting parson: Giveadam Jones presented the following: "Resolved, Dat it am de sense of dis Lime-Kiln Club dat all cull'd folkses should be married by a cull'd clergyman, an' we take pleasure in recommendin' de Rev. Penstock as a man who nebber makes a mistake nor forgets a present fur any child named arter him. Liberal discount to parties from across de ribber. Fans an' ice water allus on hand an' \$10 bills busted wid promptness and dispatch." The resolution was adopted by an unanimous vote and one over.—Detroit Free Press.

A YOUNG Alsatian laborer, having got into a brawl with some soldiers at Strasburg, was arrested by the patrol and taken to the station. On the way he slipped from the grasp of his custodians and ran. Refusing to stop when summoned, the chief of the patrol shot him, inflicting so deadly a wound that he died ere he could be conveyed to the hospital. As this was the third case within a few months of the shooting of unarmed citizens by the armed patrol, it has created a lively feeling of indignation in Strasburg. Such incidents do more to retard the progress of Germanization than all that the suppression of French insurance companies can do in the other direction.

A MAN named Sam Horton, of Hudson, recently got drunk. He had been to Catskill with a companion, and when near South Carlo his companion said: "I say, Sam, if I were you, and could not go to Catskill without getting drunk, I'd hang myself," whereupon Horton said that if his friend would furnish the rope he would hang himself. At the South Carlo hotel the rope was procured, which Horton took and went into the barn, his friend supposing him to be joking. A few minutes afterward Horton was found hanging from a beam with the rope around his neck and life almost extinct. He was cut down and the services of a physician were necessary to restore him to consciousness.

THE Rev. Father Maloney was deposed from the Catholic priesthood at Erie, Pa., 12 years ago. He lately returned to his old home from Europe. Ellen McQuillan apparently died soon afterward at Summit. Maloney commanded her to rise from the dead and she immediately opened her eyes. This was accepted by many as a miracle, and the alleged cure of several cripples increased the ex-priest's fame. Maloney made arrangements to open a big boarding-house for patients, in order to secure all the profit possible out of the business. But a detective, after gaining his confidence exposed him as an imposter and accused him of forging certificates of cures. He is said to have been making \$200 a week.

A FEW days ago a man was lodged in the western police station in Baltimore, charged with disorderly conduct. As he was about to be sent to jail his young wife appeared before the magistrate and pleaded that he would let her husband off, which, after some hesitation, he did. He was again taken up on the same charge on Saturday and his wife again interceded in his behalf for pardon, but the magistrate was not so willing to let the prisoner off this time. The young woman stood for a while, evidently studying some plan of helping her husband, when suddenly she asked the magistrate to wait half an hour before sending her husband to jail. He did so, and at the end of that time, she hurried in and laid \$1.75 on the counter, the amount of the fine and costs in the case. She said she had pawned her baby for that amount, and she and her husband left to get money to redeem it.

A HOUSE THAT CHANGED HANDS PRETTY OFTEN.

Famous Bouts Between Digby and Judge Pettit, of Indiana.

In the early history of Lafayette card playing was more than an amusement; with a good many it was business. The founder of Lafayette, "Old Digby," was for many years the most noted player on the Wabash. There are many anecdotes of him that have been handed down, and are worth preserving.

If the early settlers are to be believed he and the late Judge Pettit had many a lively tussle at the card table. On one occasion the two sat down early in the forenoon at their favorite game of old sledge, \$5 a game. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Pettit was about \$70 winner, he announced that he must quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" inquired Digby.

"I want to go and take care of my horse," replied Pettit.

In those days every lawyer kept a horse to ride the circuit.

"I can go without my dinner but I am not going to abuse my horse to accommodate you at this game," continued the Judge.

Pettit retired with Digby's \$70 in his pocket. The next morning they were at it again. Digby had a big streak of luck and before noon he had bagged \$120 of Pettit's money. Raking from the table the last \$10 put up he announced to Pettit that he was going to quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" inquired Pettit.

"Why, I must go and feed my horse."

"Why, — you, you haven't got any horse," replied Pettit.

"Well, John, if I haven't got any horse," slapping his pocket, "I've got the money to buy one."

The game was closed. Digby, who was a bachelor, had a small, one-story frame house put up on Main street, close to where the canal now is, as an office and sleeping apartment. After it was finished, but the plastering not sufficiently dry to be occupied, Digby and Pettit sat down to play their favorite game of old sledge. Digby's money was soon exhausted and Pettit declared the game closed. Digby proposed one more game, staking his new house against a certain sum of money. The game was played and Pettit was the winner. The next morning he made a bargain with a house-mover to remove the house to a lot he owned on the south side of Main street, a little east of the public square. The wooden wheels were put under, and in the afternoon it was started up Main street with a long team of oxen before it, and at dark it had just reached the public square. That night Digby and Pettit had another game, and in the morning there was a readjustment of the wheels, and the house was started on its return toward the river. It reached its proper place in the street, and was left to be put back in its old position on the morrow. But the next morning it was started up-town again. The next day it took the other direction, and by this time the whole town came to understand it. Finally it remained in the public square over Sunday, and on Monday continued its way up Main street and was wheeled on Pettit's lot. He soon moved his books into it and for many years occupied it as a law office.

A SIX YEARS' FIGHT FOR LIFE.

An Ordeal of Misery—The Singular Crime Which Charles Kring Committed.

The most sensational of St. Louis criminals, Charles F. Kring, is on trial again. He was a druggist who fell violently in love with Dora Broemser, the wife of his partner, and because she would not flee with him shot her, the fatal bullet passing through an unborn child. This occurred six years ago, and for that period the prisoner has laughed at the gallows. He has had three mis-trials. Once he was under sentence of death, and once he was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. Loopholes in the law by the score have been found for him by ingenious counsel. For the sixth time his case has come to trial, a judge having been brought in from the interior of the state to see if the blunders of former trials may be avoided this time. The case has cost the state \$25,000. Twenty different lawyers have figured in it. The prosecution furnished a surprise by introducing Fritz Kring, the father of the accused. For the most part the prisoner has manifested stolid indifference while on trial, but when he heard his father's name he became perceptibly nervous, and he shook with the effort to control himself. At a previous trial affidavits were introduced to the effect that Fritz Kring was confined in an insane asylum, so that when the man walked boldly into court it caused general excitement. This became intense as the trial progressed. The old man testified that he came to this country in the 50's. The defendant was his illegitimate son, and none of the family were tainted with insanity. He had adopted him as his son. The unexpected introduction of this witness nonplussed the attorneys for the defense.

About two week ago the prosecution ascertained that old man Kring and his family lived in the southern part of the city. It was found that the defendant had, through a third party, instituted bigamy proceedings against this

old man, who very reluctantly admitted the illegitimacy of the defendant. The old man moved three times in two weeks. Detective Eggs escorted him about town on the pretence of introducing him to the German consul, and when everything was in readiness he was served and taken to court where he testified. He reiterated over and over that he had never been in an insane asylum, and that the defendant had never shown any signs of insanity. This stamped as perjuries the affidavits on file, which alleged that the old man was and had been for a long time in an insane asylum. As soon the direct examination of the elder Kring was finished Counselor and Seward, Kring's attorneys, commenced a cross-examination. The prisoner objected violently to this, and the lawyers persisting, the prisoner discharged them both in open court. Charles P. Johnson, the remaining attorney for the defense, appealed to the judge for a guard of deputy sheriffs to see that the prisoner did not do any personal injury. Then it was suddenly discovered that the deposition about to be read had been tampered with and mutilated. It was the testimony of a physician to the illegitimacy of the prisoner. Several papers had been made away with, and circumstances point to Kring as the man who did it. He had been permitted to look over the documents. Amid a good deal of confusion a recess was taken before the usual hour of adjournment, and the trial goes over till later.

DRAINED TO THE DREGS.

Self-Slaughter of a Brilliant but Wayward Prussian at the Door of His Divorced Wife's Residence.

Albert Von Schlichting, a Prussian nobleman very much run down at the heel, who resided in Milwaukee for a year or more, suicided in St. Paul Sunday by taking poison. His dead body was found at the door of his divorced wife's residence. It was a tragic ending of a tumultuous life. Von Schlichting went to St. Paul six or seven years ago, bearing the credentials of a Prussian gentleman and the evidences of a commission in the imperial army. Being dependent upon his own efforts for his support, he secured a situation as teacher in the German Lutheran school, of which Adolph Parr was one of the managing directors. Mr. Parr befriended the fascinating young foreigner, who reciprocated by robbing his benefactor of his daughter, against paternal protest. Forgiven for his trespass, he secured service from his father-in-law's firm; and betrayed the trust by embezzling their funds. Then he indulged in social sins until his wife procured a divorce, and nothing was seen of him in St. Paul until a few days ago. In the meantime Schlichting lived a dissipated life in Milwaukee, and the last heard of him, was when last year he made a brief notoriety by capturing a burglar that had broken into the saloon at No. 1 Grand avenue. He was keeping bar for Schwindt, the then proprietor. Schlichting led a wild dissipated life in Milwaukee and for the last few months he has been associated with the vilest slums of the city.

The young man is of good family, his father being a retired major in the Prussian army, residing with his daughter at Dresden. He early acquired dissipated habits, and though he evidently loved his wife he was false to all his vows to her until patience ceased to be a virtue and she secured a divorce. When found, his wife's photograph, worn and tear-stained, was taken from an inside pocket. The stricken lady had exhausted every artifice to redeem the wayward man and he seems to have given up in despair, himself terminating his tempestuous career.

The following pathetic note was found amid the other effects of the suicide. It was not addressed or dated but was intended for his late wife. It was in German and but a part of it could be deciphered:

"Once more farewell and I beg the forgiveness of those I have injured. I hope you will not deny to the dead what you have refused to the living. Only a few hours of life are before me and then I shall die with my face toward you, begging your forgiveness. It is hard for me to part from you, but I cannot live without you, and now at the point of death I tell you half that has been said of me is not true. Farewell to thee."

A HARD CITIZEN.

A Precocious New Mexican Criminal—A Reward upon His Head—Something More about "Billy, the Kid."

In the course of our stroll we met nearly half a dozen who had lived in our city within ten years past—and last of all, Governor Wallace also, who was endeavoring to sift the rumor afloat with regard to the movement of the notorious young desperado devil, "Billy, the Kid," who recently escaped prison and the halter, to which he had already been condemned, by suddenly killing two of his keepers, then openly riding away, after arming himself to the teeth. This precious villain is a sample of his kind, which unfortunately still abounds at some points in New Mexico and elsewhere at the freshest railroad and mining advance posts. He is said to be only twenty-two years of age, yet some years ago he was already chief of a gang of cut-throat gambling robbers, and led the affray in a con-

flict with an adverse gang of like villains, which resulted in the death of a score or more, to the great relief and joy of all law-abiding citizens. "Billy, the Kid" escaped unscathed to continue his career and fill yet higher the measures of his crimes. He is said to have killed already twenty-four men, and to be the quickest, deadliest shot in the Territory. At last he was caught, tried, condemned and sentenced to be hanged at the end of a month. His incautious guard allowed him to have one wrist freed from his handcuff while he ate. The indulgence cost him his life.

Like a flash the convict felled him with his swinging feller, then shot him dead with his own gun. The sound of the shot brought the deputy marshal to the passage, but the moment his form appeared a double discharge of slugs killed him instantly. The convict then armed himself leisurely with revolvers, got "the drop" on one man, and compelled him to furnish a hatchet to break off his chains in the same highly persuasive manner procured the loan of a horse—"all saddled, all bridled, all ready for flight"—and coolly rode away. The self same day he met an enemy riding with one companion, and shot them both dead without a moment's warning. The Governor has offered a reward of \$500 for his recapture, whereas he boasts that he will come to Santa Fe and visit Governor Wallace in person.

Many really imagine him in personal danger from the outlaw, and I even heard the wish expressed that he would get out of the way! Such is the effect of unbridled violence, and I was very glad to hear the Governor remark, in the course of a conversation next day, that he certainly should not wait for the "Kid" to begin a hunt if he could learn that he was anywhere near.—Correspondence.

MR. JAMES O'BRIEN DIVORCED.

The Ex-Congressman Gets a Separation From His Wife—A Stormy Marriage Experience.

The matrimonial experiences of Ex-Congressman James O'Brien, of this city, have been unhappy. A decree was made in the Supreme Court, Chambers, on Thursday, separating his wife from him forever. The action thus brought to an end was begun about six months ago. In his complaint Mr. O'Brien averred that the defendant, Mary O'Brien, became his wife in 1881, and that he lived with her until 1879. Within that period, he said, he supported her in a proper manner, and in order to provide for her comfort bought the house No. 144 East Thirty-fourth street, furnished it well, and then conveyed it to her as a free gift. She did not, he said, manifest a proper appreciation of his kindness or of her duty as a wife, but became addicted to the habitual use of intoxicating liquors. While under their influence she would assault him and use opprobrious language, so that "it became impossible for him to remain in her presence without the entire sacrifice of happiness and self-respect, and, at times, without risk to his personal safety." She threw a cup of tea upon him one day in January, 1878, and it was her habit to throw books and other articles at him. In her answer Mrs. O'Brien admitted that her husband had supported her in a generous manner, but denied that she had acted improperly.

The suit was tried before Wm. C. Traphagen as referee. No testimony was put in for the defense. Mr. O'Brien testified that his wife has been addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors for about 8 years and has disregarded all his efforts to induce her to reform. When she was intoxicated she reviled and assaulted him and threw at him whatever she could get her hands on. Her conduct became so violent that two years ago he was compelled to leave her and go to live in a hotel. She would go to corner liquor stores to get drinks and when she met him in the street she would attack him. He said he paid \$28,000 in 1869 for the house he gave her and he subsequently paid \$6,000 in improving it.

As to his property, Mr. O'Brien said he had \$1,000 in the hands of his brokers and an interest in lease-hold property in Newark, N. J., which is not now worth much. He said he was willing to give his wife \$5,000 in lieu of alimony and in satisfaction of all her claims on him and also \$500 for repairing her house. His testimony was sustained by that of a former servant in his house, who said that Mr. O'Brien had done all in his power to induce her to change her habits.

While the trial was going on Mrs. O'Brien signed a stipulation to the effect that she was willing to take \$5,500 in satisfaction of her claims in case a judgment should be rendered against her. She would rather, she said, have a gross sum than alimony paid in installments. Referee Traphagen reported that a decree be made in favor of Mr. O'Brien and Judge Barrett confirmed the report and signed the decree on Thursday.

A laborer in Wurtemberg, fearing that a charge of fraud and embezzlement might be brought against him, commanded his own son to hang him, saying that he could never bear the disgrace of imprisonment. The son was obedient and carried out his father's orders. The authorities arrested the son and tried him for hanging his father. The son pleaded obedience. The court convicted him and sentenced him to imprisonment for 3 years and 9 months.

ROTTEN EGG 'EM.

A Nuisance That Should be Suppressed—The Pest of all Social and Business Thoroughfares.

Numerous complainants have of late clamored for the efficacious interference of the police authorities with the view of ridding the principal centers of this metropolis of that pest of all great social and shopping thoroughfares—the dandy and libidinous "masher." Where people congregate any number of these brutish-looking and fantastical apes infest the public sidewalks and with tip-tilted cigars or malodorous cigar court the cow-herd of the jail.

The following may be instanced as one of many cases of this character which escape the vigilance of the metropolitan police, who are appointed and paid by the community to render such outrages impossible.

This species of blackguardism has of late grown bold in the city. A lady cannot stand on a public street to await a street car, cannot go unaccompanied to transact any necessary business without being accosted by one or more of these prurient hounds. These disgusting lopers are called "mashers." They are not confined to what are termed the lower class. They are usually gaily and cheaply dressed, and embrace every grade from the common loafer to the opaque star of some social magnitude in his own universe. They strut up and down the principal streets with foul words in their mouths to spew upon young girls and respectable ladies they may meet. They stand at corners, in front of hotels, at the entrance to cigar stores and ogle and stare at every lady that passes. It is an outrage on decency that this thing should be tolerated.

Every honorable man is to blame—society is to blame—the police force and the municipal authorities—that the evil is not put down. A citizen who has been made to suffer in this connection says: "There are surely houses of ill-fame enough in this city, there are slums and by-ways—there are, God knows, dark and dirty holes enough where the vice of impurity may wallow and feed—but keep it off our public streets. Keep it from where it may contaminate and shame the pure and virtuous. Hunt these villains from the public view." It is a disgraceful thing that innocence and honor must shrink indoors, that these dandies may be abroad. The "masher" should be dealt with summarily. Let his true character be but thoroughly exposed, and few will be desperate enough to assume it.

Many motives other than filth make young men assume the role of "mashers." Vanity, jollity and the readiness of giddy girls to respond to their addresses. Even Chicago has declared war against the "masher." Her mayor has ordered his arrest as a common nuisance and justice deals with him as a common criminal. Hundreds who have made "mashing" a regular profession have been driven from Chicago, and it is possible that many of the vipers have found their way here. From this cause and the warm weather that breeds such vices, a great increase has been noticed in their numbers and boldness.

THE NUDE MODEL.

How the Models Conduct Themselves—An Occupation Which Does Not Require any Modesty.

Would you like to know how a model behaves in a studio? I will describe a scene witnessed by myself last week. I went to the atelier with an artist friend, who advised me to assume to be an artist, so that no exception would be taken to my presence. Just after we entered the model, a girl 18 or 19 apparently, and the thirty odd students who were smoking pipes, talking and laughing, greeted her with "Good day, Mademoiselle," and began to prepare for "Nude." She was a full length. She began removing her garments in an unconcerned manner as if she were undressing in her own chamber, and in a few moments being completely nude.

She quietly ascended a low platform in the room and assumed a graceful position.

"Will that do?" she inquired.

Two of the painters who were not quite satisfied, told her to lift her right arm a little higher and advance her left foot. She obeyed promptly, but still they were not pleased. They went to her side and handled her arm and leg as if she had been an automaton, and placed them just as they wanted.

I do not know where I have seen so handsome a young woman in my life. She might have been a marble figure for all the emotion she displayed.

After half an hour she had a rest, when she stepped from the platform, threw a chemise over herself and sat down by the fire. I went to her side to speak to her and as she covered her nudity I remarked:

"Mademoiselle is very modest."

"It is not modesty; I am cold," she answered. "You are exceedingly pretty and have a superb figure."

"I know that I am pretty and have a fine figure. No woman has an attractive person and remains unconscious of it. My arms are very well but my bust and legs are my best points. It is hard to find a better proportioned leg than that," and she thrust out her right leg and fixed her admiring gaze upon it.

Enoch Arden with Variations.

Patrick Ivens, in 1872, left his wife and two children in Auburn and went to Dakota to seek his fortune. Three days after Mrs. Ivens got a telegram saying her husband was dead. She sold her property and went to Rochester, and by hard toil supported herself and her children, securing everybody's respect by her conduct. In 1878 she married John H. Hughes, a book-keeper in a large dry-goods house. Last week, Ivens arrived at Rochester, hunting his family, and was astonished at the state of affairs. He held a conference with his wife, both calmly canvassing the whole subject. Mrs. Hughes refused absolutely to live with him, but said so with no ill-feeling. Ivens, convinced she was happy and contented, said he would never disturb her again, and went west. Ivens said he never sent the notice of his death, but during his entire absence wrote every week, and for years regularly sent \$10 every week. Mrs. Hughes' friends doubt this. Others believe Ivens, because when he came east he went to Auburn, thinking his wife still there, and was astonished to find her gone, and when he left Rochester was completely broken down. They believe some rascal gave Mrs. Ivens the telegram and subsequently received and answered Ivens' letters.

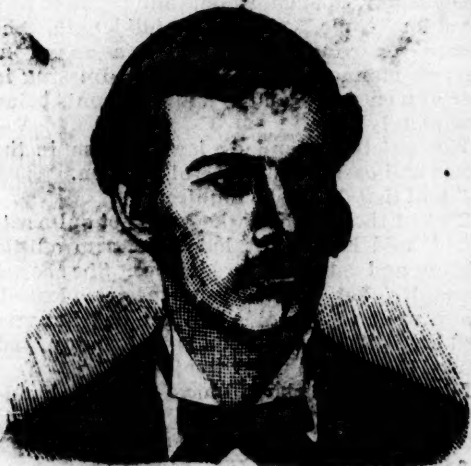
Solid Testimony.

Convincing testimony in divorce suits is not always an easy thing to get. As a general thing proofs of infidelity are evolved out of circumstantial evidence. A photographer in Rochester, N. Y., has got the best ground in the world for a divorce, and testimony that no one can dispute. His apartments were up over his place of business and his wife, a buxom dame of 35, did the honors as his partner both in the gallery and household.

A dashing young fellow came in one day to get his picture taken. The wife was present and on the quiet the customer indulged in a little flirtation with her. This proceeding soon led to an intimacy between the pair, an intimacy not sanctioned by the law. The photographer was called away on business for a few days. He returned unexpectedly and discovered, unbeknown to the erring couple, that they were occupying the same couch. The photographer resolved on a plan of action at once. He took one of his smallest instruments up stairs with him and burst in the door of his room. Pulling a revolver he commanded them to keep their positions on pain of death. They obeyed and he obtained a photograph of them "as natural as life." When the picture is put in evidence it will no doubt serve as a clincher on the jury's verdict.

A Lawyer's Crime.

A young lawyer by the name of D. M. Smith, living in Conway, Ark., took advantage of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin, who had



DAN M. SMITH,
LAWYER; JAILED AT CONWAY, ARK., ON A
SERIOUS CHARGE.

gone on an excursion to New Orleans, to inveigle their little daughter Jessie, aged twelve years, his cousin, to his room and there ravished her. Major Bolton, wishing to use the room for some purpose, went to the door and tried to enter, but finding suspicious were aroused and he watched the room and saw



BETTER THAN CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A PHOTOGRAPHER SECURES A PICTURE WHICH WILL ENABLE HIM TO PROVE HIS WIFE'S UNFAITHFULNESS IN A SUIT FOR DIVORCE.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MISS MAUD STAFFORD

VARIETY AND SKETCH ARTIST.

the young man and girl come out. He told Colonel Lincoln, the girl's uncle, and upon an investigation the girl confessed everything and stated that Smith had threatened to murder her if she told. Smith, finding that he was suspected, fled to the woods, where he was found and captured by the indignant citizens. He is under a strong guard, but it is feared he will be lynched. The parties are of good standing in the community.

Favorites of the Footlights.

Miss Maude Stafford is one of the belles of the variety stage. She has been identified with theatrical matters for some time, and fills a good space in popular favor. She is versatile and vivacious, as well as handsome, and these three qualifications generally make up the sum of a variety actress' charms.

How did it Happen?

The authorities of Lynchburg, Va., are greatly mystified over the finding of the body of a man named A. M. Shepperd, near that city. The suicide theory and murder theory are both plausible. There was no evidence of violence about his body, or any thing to show that he had taken his own life. The affair has been a nine-days' wonder among the people of Lynchburg.

First Time on Record

A woman—in fact, three women—can keep a secret. Let the following story satisfy the incredulous: On one of the excursions which left Staunton in October, 1876, for the centennial, were two passengers, one a young lady of Rockbridge, whose bright face as well as her bright mind had made her as popular in Staunton society as at home, and the other was a young gentleman of Staunton, temporarily residing in Rockbridge, who contemplated shortly removing to the far west. They were devoted lovers, and, as the sequel will show, the gentleman took such a precaution against the lady changing her mind during his expected absence as was insurmountable. Stopping in Baltimore a few hours the lady and gentleman, after the latter had procured a license, repaired to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Murkland, the famous Presbyterian minister, the lady being a Presbyterian, and were united in wedlock. They then went to their respective homes and there the secret was confided to two of the groom's family and a relative in Richmond, the lady making a confidant of one of her family and a devoted married lady friend. The groom went west to make his fortune, and will, in a few days, return to claim his wife, who has all along retained her maiden name. Though the marriage took place nearly five years ago, and seven persons knew it not a word has leaked out about it until within the last week, a fact that entirely disposes of the assertion that "women can't keep a secret," and also a fact that makes each gossip in Staunton tear his or her hair that they didn't find it out in that length of time.



A. M. SHEPPERD.
MET HIS DEATH VERY MYSTERIOUSLY NEAR
LYNCHBURG, VA.

The fashion of ladies kissing each other by way of friendly salutation is all out of style. When two ladies now meet they touch each other's finger tips, faintly murmur, "so glad," smile as sweetly as women can smile on each other and pass on. There is no longer danger of their complexion being kissed off in spots.



TOO SENSITIVE TO LIVE.

A LITTLE GIRL, IMAGINING THAT SHE WAS SUSPECTED OF THEFT, PUTS AN END TO HER EXISTENCE; NEW YORK.



SUSPENDED BY ONE FOOT.

THE SINGULAR AND MYSTERIOUS MANNER IN WHICH A MAN NEAR OTTAWA QUIT THIS SPHERE.

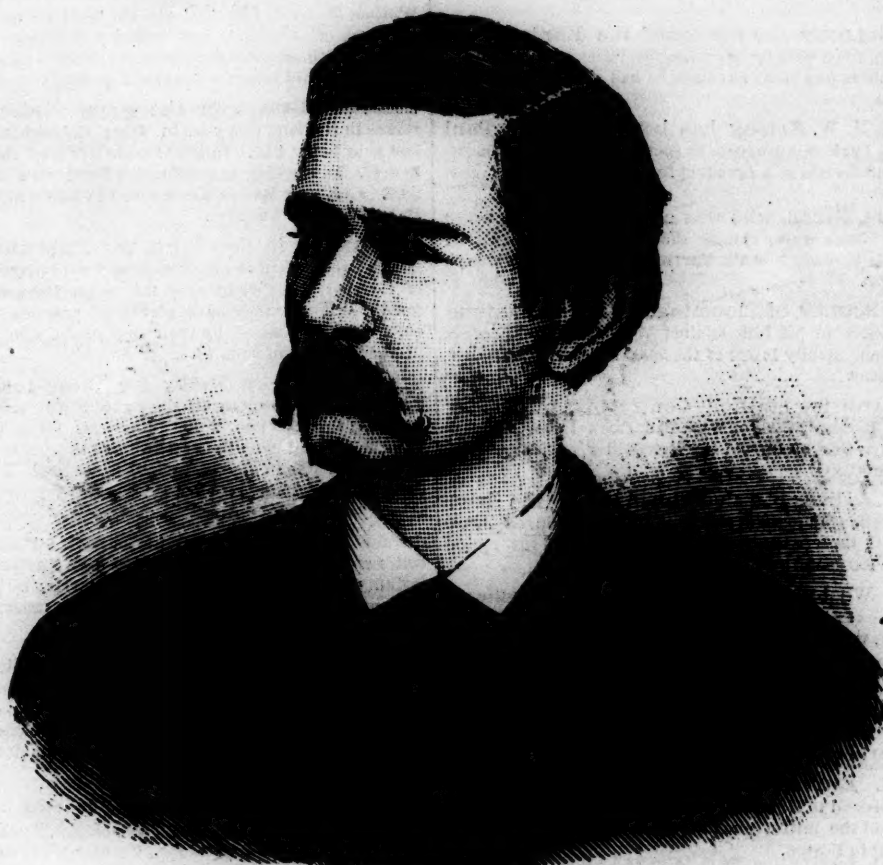


A GHASTLY MOUTHFUL.

THE EVIDENCE OF A FEARFUL CRIME BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY AN INTELLIGENT DOG, SOMERSET, KY.

Robert Steel, Famous Turfman.

This noted patron of the turf, known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the proprietor of the Cedar Park Stock Farm, was born in Philadelphia, and is now 40 years of age. His fondness for the equine race was evinced at an early age, and as soon as he was old enough to straddle a horse he proved himself master of the saddle. When about 10 years of age he appeared on the race course riding the mare Lady Byron, one of the crack trotters of the day. Some twelve years ago Mr. Steel made his first venture as the owner of trotting stock, becoming the possessor of Blue Dick, a very fine horse, and Overholt and Werner, a double team that scored many victories. Rocky Hill, a noted stallion, was next added to Mr. Steel's possessions, and from that time begins Mr. Steel's reputation as the owner of improved breeding stock. At his extensive stables at the Cedar Park Stock Farm, on the Limekiln pike, Mr. Steel has some of the finest young horses in the country. He also has about as much money invested in trotting stock as any American with probably the exception of Robert Bonner. Among his horses are the produce of such prominent trotting sires as Wedgewood, Harold, Belmont, Happy Medium, Almont and Administrator. The star of the collection is Russell, by Harold, dam Miss Russell, being a full sister to the Queen of the Turf, Maud S. Among Mr. Steel's stallions for the present season are Administrator, Elwood Medium, Temple Medium and Hampton. At the Cedar Park Stock Farm Mr. Steel has some 130 horses, and it is a standing rule with him that every horse he owns is for sale. Among the turf celebrities owned by Mr. Steel is Happy Medium, by Old Hambletonian, out of Queen of the Turf Princess. This celebrated trotter cost Mr. Steel \$25,000.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS HORSEMEN.

ROBERT STEEL,

ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING TURFMEN.

Too Sensitive to Live.

Effie Person, a girl of 14, shot herself at 173 Tenth avenue, New York City, last week. Her parents claim the shooting was accidental, but circumstances indicate that it was a case of premeditated suicide. The bullet passed through the heart, and death ensued almost instantly. The child lived with her parents and two sisters on the fourth floor of the house. One morning her father discovered that \$50 had been taken from his pocket-book during the night, and next morning announced that he had been again robbed. He charged that some member of the family had taken the money, and left the house in a passion, vowing that he would not return until the money was found. His anger made a deep impression on Effie, who was an invalid and of a nervous temperament. When the mother sent a note to the captain of police, asking for a detective, the child's fear seemed to increase. She was in the back kitchen alone, while her mother and older sisters were looking into the street. A pistol shot startled the mother, and running into the back room she found Effie dying on the floor. To the mother's question why she shot herself, the child replied, "Because papa suspects us." The pistol belonged to her father, and it had lain in a bureau drawer. The police are unable to account for the disappearance of Person's money, but are inclined to the theory that he knew more about it than any other member of the family. No suspicion rests upon the dead child, who was bright and well liked by the neighbors.

A Georgia boy was aiming a gun at a robin. A little girl begged him not to shoot the bird, and, when he would not desist, scared it away. The exasperated young hunter then shot the girl.



THE AGED ASTRONOMER AND HIS YOUNG WIFE.

HOW HE FIXED A TRAP TO CATCH A TRESPASSER ON HIS DOMAIN—THE WAY HIS WIFE SPENT HER EVENINGS WHILE HE WAS STAR-GAZING; NEW YORK CITY.

Sporting News

P. CROKER, the pugilist, is to be tendered a benefit.

SIX-day pedestrian races are dead for the present.

HINDOO appears likely to win every race he starts in.

LOOK out for Aranza at the St. Louis race meeting.

LUCY MAY won the Ladies' stake at Louisville, Ky.

WARREN E. SMITH has refused to row Wallace Ross.

THE Pawtucket Club's four-oared crew has disbanded.

ROBERT, the Devil, is the fastest race horse in England.

EARLEAM College, Ohio, boasts of two female base ball nines.

BANCROFT won the Louisville cup. We predicted he would.

In England Breakwater foaled a filly to Hermit with only one eye.

At Dallas, Texas, Edgar won the 6-day walk, covering 378 1/2 miles.

BANCROFT appears to be unbeatable. Is he another Luke Blackburn?

ALL the base ball clubs except Chicago have been Chicagoed this season.

SACRAMENTO boasts of a female jumper who can cover 11 feet 10 inches.

MYERS, the American champion amateur runner, has sailed for England.

OARSMEN out West claim September is too late for the Association regatta.

ALBANY and Troy sporting men intend giving Paddy Ryan a rousing benefit.

COURTNEY has gone into training and intends to row Trickett at Saratoga.

CHAS. COURTNEY is training on Owaseo Lake, and, it is said, he is rowing very fast.

THE Atlanta Boat Club will have their opening regatta on the Harlem River June 2.

EFFORTS will be made to change the dates of the regatta of the National Association.

W. CUMMINGS, of Paisley, Eng., has lowered the 1,000-yard running record to 2m. 17s.

HARVARD's new quarters on the Thames river, at Gale's Ferry, Conn., will cost \$30,000.

C. NORTON and D. Dougherty appear in full ring costume nightly at Owey Geoghegan's.

THE POLICE GAZETTE gave the correct tip on the Derby winner and also the Louisville Cup.

EITHER Maud S. or St. Julien will beat the trotting record before the season of 1881 closes.

BELLE COOK, of Mountain View, Cal., is coming East to ride 30-mile races against Miss Williams.

BOGARDUS, of Elkhart, Ill., is anxious to shoot a match with Dr. Carver for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side.

JEM MACE is on his way to England. He will come by way of San Francisco and stop in New York.

THE yachts Nellie and Cornelia O'Connor are matched to sail a race on San Francisco Bay July 2.

SINCE Sullivan whipped Flood with gloves in 8 rounds, 15 minutes, Boston sporting men think him invincible.

FRANK HART and "Blower" Brown are taking their preliminary laps at Turnham Green, near London, Eng.

W. CHARLES made a full score, 50 points, in the silverware match at Bellevue range, Boston, Mass., at 200 yards.

TOM ALLEN is to fight the winner of the prize fight between Jim Collins, alias "Tug Wilson," and Alf Greenfield.

JOSE SNYDER, the famous base ball player, is dead. He was for eight years short stop of the Eckfords of Brooklyn.

T. COSGROVE, of West Meriden, has a dog he will match to fight any dog in America, at 38 lbs., for \$1,000 a side.

THE Southern Yacht Club, of New Orleans, has decided to increase the prize for the Inter-State regatta to \$1,500.

PRIZE fighting is being revived in England. Three important battles have been arranged between noted pugilists.

CAPT. HALL has been elected president and L. Hart secretary and treasurer of the St. Johns, N. H., Rifle Association.

JIMMY CARNEY and Jimmy Highland are matched to fight for \$100 and the light-weight championship of England.

P. H. CANLEY, of Portland, Me., and John McNay, will row four miles with a turn, on Bedford Basin, June 16, for \$1,000.

S. F. CALDWELL, of Denver, Col., says Quirk, the famous pedestrian, has sprained a tendon and will be able to run no more.

THE two prominent base ball clubs of Philadelphia, in order to place a good nine in the field, have combined their teams.

D. C. ROSS and J. C. Daly failed to induce the authorities of Woonsocket, R. I., to grant them a license for a wrestling show.

ALF. GREENFIELD and Jim Collins, alias "Tug Wilson," have been matched to fight for \$200 and the English championship.

At Bergen Point, N. J., W. Wesley defeated E. Murphy in shooting at 100 birds, 50 each, English rules. Wesley, 44; Murphy, 39.

MIKE MCCOOLE, the ex-champion pugilist of America, who was once worth \$20,000, is now a deck hand on a Mississippi steamboat.

P. T. TOMPSON, of the Manhattan Bicycle Club, offers to ride any amateur in America 100 miles for the amateur championship.

FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, heads the list of winning mounts, so far, his score standing 31; C. Wood following next with 25.

BETTING men that follow George Lorillard and the Dwyer Brothers during the racing season will be ahead at the end of the season.

THE Two Thousand Guineas this year was worth \$31,500, a handsome stake for Peregrine. The One Thousand was worth \$23,000.

JOHN MCKAY and P. H. Conley row a four-mile race, two miles and return, on Bedford Basin, Halifax, N. S., June 16, for \$500 a side.

D. HARRINGTON and Wm. Sherriff, the "Prussian," have been matched to fight for the middle-weight championship of England and \$100.

MIKE DONOVAN and George Rooke appeared in a grand set-to at Harry Hill's recently. Donovan was to the fore and made a great display.

THE 4-oared race between the junior barge crews of the Pioneer and Golden Gate Rowing Clubs of San Francisco was won by the Pioneer crew.

THEY are to have a trotting circuit in Maine in June and July, an association having been formed for that purpose, and \$3,500 in premiums is offered.

THERE is now little hope of a race between Warren Smith and George Hosmer. Smith and Ross, however, are likely to meet before the season is over.

AN impression seems to prevail that the reason the American horses abroad have run second so often this season is that their jockeys have been outdriven.

AT Williamstown, Mass., the base ball game between the Union College nine and a nine from Williams College was won by the former by a score of 13 to 2.

McMAHON and Johnson are matched to wrestle collar-and-elbow. McMahon undertaking to throw Johnson fairly twice in an hour, at J. H. Clark's, Philadelphia, May 23.

In England recently James Lee defeated Nelson Booth in a 450-yard running race for £50 in 50 1/2 s. It is claimed Lee can run the distance in less than fifty seconds.

E. GELBERT, the winner of the Ennis 6-day race, received \$333 for traveling 500 miles. After he paid his training and other expenses he had about \$50 to call his own.

COM. N. W. KITSON has bought the St. Paul Driving Park and proposes to spend nearly \$30,000 in fitting it up for use as a breeding farm. The property cost \$100,000.

CHRIS. FABER, who was entered by this paper in the Chicago walk, claims that his trainer neglected him. He is ready to walk Harriman at any time six days for \$1,000.

WM. SCULLY, of Bloomington, Ill., is anxious for a backer to pit him against Wm. Gale, the English pedestrian. Scully is one of the 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours' pedestrians.

THE trotting stallion Contractor, owned by Colonel Richard West, of Edge Hill stock farm, Georgetown, Ky., has been sold to Mr. Miller, of Melbourne, Aus., for \$8,000.

W. F. CARVER has challenged ten of the best shots in the Hurlingham and Gun clubs, London, to shoot for \$2,500, Carver to shoot at 1,000 pigeons and his opponents at 100 each.

THE Weston-Rowell articles of agreement for the next Astley Belt race have been forwarded to England, where all who desire to join in the race next month must sign.

AT Boston, June 16, the meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be commenced. There will be six matches contested for sixty prizes, aggregating over \$600 in value.

ALEX. BRAYLEY, of St. John, N. B., who rowed second to Hanlan in the Centennial Regatta, recently had the misfortune to break a leg while practising wrestling in Boston.

A MATCH for \$1,000 a side has been arranged between H. Oelrich's sloop Hildegarde and Flint's sloop Gracie, to sail 20 miles to windward outside Sandy Hook, on a day not yet named.

THE annual match of English residents vs. Americans, at Philadelphia, has been fixed for July 4, 5 and 6, and the committee requests local clubs not to make fixtures for those dates.

A CRICKET match of an unusual character was recently played at Elham, Eng., the competing eleven being entirely composed of ladies. Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Bush acted as umpires.

THE running races of the Louisville Jockey Club resulted as follows: Mile and a quarter dash for all ages, purse \$300, Bancroft first, Checkmate second, Gabriel third. Time, 2:10 1/2.

HARRY EVANS, the pugilist, is to leave England for America. On his arrival Owey Geoghegan will match him to fight any man in Canada or the United States at 120 lbs. for \$1,000 a side.

JOHNNY WALDEN, the English pugilist who was recently imported to this country by Owey Geoghegan, returned to England, struck a man, and was sent for three months to the Penitentiary.

P. BRANNIGAN, alias "Scotty," of Brooklyn, who whipped Barney Aaron in a battle for the light-weight championship years ago, is now pound-master at Sacramento, Cal., and worth \$30,000.

FROM present indications the winner of the McKay-Conley race at Halifax, June 16, will have his hands full. Magle, of St. John, and Buckley of Portland, Me., have decided to challenge the winner.

AT the Dominion exhibition at Halifax, N. S., this fall, a grand regatta will be held and prizes offered for single scull, double scull and four-oared crews, and of such an amount as will induce good men to enter.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, the ex-champion pugilist, now residing in Philadelphia, offers large prizes for a all-United States running handicap to be run in Philadelphia, June 4 and 5. The distance is 35 yards.

WE have received a letter from W. M. Davis, the noted pugilist. He says he is ready to fight any heavy-weight pugilist in America, bar Paddy Ryan, John Dwyer and John Sullivan, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

D. E. ROSE's great pedestrian races will commence at his mammoth pavilion on June 16. There is every indication, from the number of entries and the liberal prizes offered, that the affair will be a grand success.

THE first racing meeting of Saratoga this season will begin on July 16. Between that date and the 1st of September there will be twenty-two extra race days, making a continuous summer meeting of forty-one days.

FRED H. DRINKHOUSE won a gold medal in a shoot between members of the Lincoln Gun Club at Calma, Cal., recently, breaking eighteen glass balls out of twenty thrown from a rotating trap placed eighteen yards away.

THE Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, of Belleville, Can., has decided, in behalf of Captain Cuthbert, of Cobourg, to challenge the N. Y. Yacht Club, present owners of the American cup, to compete therefor in September next.

THE Amateur Rifle Club of New York, to whom belongs the honor of defeating a strong team of Irish riflemen in the first international match, are again thinking of throwing down the gage of battle to the world's marksmen.

A GRAND sparring and athletic entertainment will be tendered to Charles Norton, the light-weight champion, at Harry Hill's theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 2. All the celebrated boxers and wrestlers of the country will appear.

In New York, recently, English Harry and Pete McCoy, the pugilists, had a row. English Harry pulled a revolver when McCoy knocked him down. A sharp battle followed when the "boys in blue" appeared, and clubs were trumps.

In this city, at the Empire, Matt Grace, the noted sporting man and ex-champion wrestler, and George Rooke, the middle-weight champion pugilist, had a rough-and-ready run in recently. Spectators claim the wrestler out-fought the pugilist.

GEORGE FORDHAM, in winning the One Thousand Guineas on Thebais, secured his sixth successful mount for that event. His previous mounts were: May-naise, in 1859; Nemesis, in 1861; Siberia, in 1865; Formosa, in 1868, and Scottish Queen in 1869.

BOSTON sporting men are shouting that John Sullivan can whip any man in the world, but they fail to put up \$500 and challenge Paddy Ryan, the champion, who, according to rule, has to defend the title against all comers, and is ready to arrange a match.

DENNY HARRINGTON, who recently fought William Sherriff for £200 and the middle-weight championship of England, has issued a challenge to fight Sherriff with or without gloves for £100 or £200 a side. Sherriff is said to be the best man in England.

BROWN BESS won the great Metropolitan stakes in England this year in 4:20; Chippendale's time last year being 4:27. In 1879 Parole covered the course in 4:47. In the City and Suburban Bend Or's time was 2:07. Last year Master Kildare won in 2:14 while in 1879 Parole's record was 2:16.

RECENTLY, in New York, the First and Fourteenth Precincts of the Metropolitan Police played a game of base ball. The wielders of the baton from the Fourteenth, although they have plenty of practice with the club, were out-batted by their opponents, who won the game by a score of 34 to 14.

THE Kentucky Derby for three-year-olds, 1 1/2 miles, was won by Hindoo; Lelex was second and Alfabra third. Time, 2:40. Mile heats for a purse of \$350: Boulevard won the first two and the race. Frank Cheatham came in second in both heats and Mary Anderson third. Time, 1:45 3/4, 1:46.

MR. GEORGE ATKINSON, of the London Sporting Life, writes us that the outlook for the Astley belt race is good. Hart has arrived in England and is training in earnest. Weston has also arrived. The race will commence Monday, June 20, and the theatre of the contest, very likely, will be London.

COLONEL J. H. McLAUGHLIN, of Detroit, states that he is ready to arrange a collar-and-elbow wrestling match with H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., or John McMahon, of New York, for \$2,500 a side and the collar-and-elbow championship of America. The match must, however, be decided at Detroit, Mich.

THE following is the latest betting on the English Derby: Nine to 1 against Geologist, 9 to 1 against Sir Charles, 18 to 1 against Mr. Cockson's chestnut colt St. Louis, 20 to 1 against Barrett, 20 to 1 against Lord Rosebery's brown colt Cameliard, 25 to 1 against Iroquois, 33 to 1 against Fortissimo, 50 to 1 against Tristram and 50 to 1 against Passaic.

In regard to the offer of John A. Kennedy, of Portland, Me., to stake \$1,500 if Hanlan, Ross and an unknown would add \$500 each to the sum and row in New England, Hanlan says he will row nowhere but on Toronto Bay, and that if Ross will come there and row he will give \$2,000 and find an unknown who, with himself and Ross, will put in \$1,000, making a grand purse of \$5,000 for the winner.

NEW YORK's leading sporting men tendered Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of the world, a benefit. It was managed by the POLICE GAZETTE and was a grand success. Ryan met with a grand reception and ended the galaxy of sport by a scientific display with Mike Smith, a stalwart boxer who flourished years ago. Joe Goss wanted \$100 to set-to with his conqueror after Ryan's friends settled Goss's trouble with the West Virginia authorities.

THE following challenge explains itself: "To GEORGE GRIFFITH:—Seeing in the POLICE GAZETTE that you are claiming the title of the champion 5-mile messenger boy of America, I, Stephen Brodie, will back James H. Dunn, messenger 33 of W. U. T. Co., against you for a 5-mile race for a \$15 or \$25 gold medal. Will meet you at W. U. T. Building, Wednesday, June 1, 1881. Yours truly,

S. BRODIE, FOR J. H. D."

In the Harvard class races Hoyt, one of the winning crew, broke his seat, and, at the end of the first one-third mile, came entirely off the slides, but, without stopping, or losing a single stroke, Hoyt slid the rest of the way, nearly a mile and a half, on the bare steel slides. Before the race was finished his trunks and buckskin were cut clean through and the slides were lubricated with blood from the naked flesh, yet he rowed so well, both in time and stroke, that no one beside the bow oarsman in the boat knew that anything was wrong.

PADDY RYAN, of Troy, N. Y., the champion heavy-weight pugilist, claims that it is not his place to issue a challenge, because he has held the heavy-weight championship since June last. Nevertheless he is willing to fight if the money is large enough. He has had enough fighting for glory, he said, but he desires to have one good fight, and then, if he wins or loses, retire. If Sullivan, of Boston, desires to back up the challenge that he recently issued, all he has to do is send on a forfeit of \$250 and Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, is

ready to cover Sullivan's money and match Ryan to fight Sullivan according to the rules of the British prize ring for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

THE second race for the O'Leary International Championship Belt began at Madison Square Garden on the 23d. Fourteen pedestrians started. Among the prominent pedestrians were Hazael and Littlewood, of England; Cox, the POLICE GAZETTE's entry; Clow, the POLICE GAZETTE's entry in the Ennis six-day race, and Hughes, the POLICE GAZETTE's entry who won the trophy when it was first offered for competition by O'Leary. The race attracted great attention and Hazael beat quite a number of the records. It will close to-morrow, Saturday night, and the finish will be worth witnessing.

JOHN A. KENNEDY, the Portland oarsman, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE as follows: "Wallace Ross having expressed his willingness to row Edward Hanlan, in order to bring about a race, I will make this proposition: I will put up \$1,500, provided Ross puts up \$500, Hanlan \$500, and \$500 to be put up by an unknown American sculler, to be named by me, making a grand sweepstake of \$3,000, of which sum \$2,000 is to go to the first and \$1,000 to the second man; the race to be rowed on any course in New England which I may select; money to be put up on signing of articles at some reliable bank, or in any way satisfactory to the parties interested. This proposition to hold open for two weeks."

AT Philadelphia recently "Reddy" Hoskins and Jack Donahue fought for a purse. Sixty persons paid for admission. Hoskins is a slim, agile boxer, about five feet eleven inches high, who weighs about 150 pounds. Donahue is five feet eleven inches high, round shouldered and weighs 180 pounds, and is noted for his ability to stand punishment. After nine rounds were fought Donahue was whipped being overmatched and his seconds threw up the sponge. The fight lasted 48 minutes and apparently gave satisfaction to every pugilist who saw it. The fight, although not by any means scientific, was one of the most desperate of the kind known for many years in Philadelphia. Both pugilists were terribly punished.

AT Carson City, recently, Yung Kee, a celestial, visited the military rifle practice. He was asked to try a shot. To the surprise of the military men, he accepted and essayed to shoot from a knee rest, and also while lying down. He was told that he must shoot off-hand. This he refused to do, but finally he was allowed to have his own way, when, coiling himself up on his side, he thrust the barrel of the rifle between his feet and aimed for the 200-yard target. Three minutes elapsed, during which time the soldier boys tittered and chuckled at the Chinaman. At last, when they began to think he had fallen asleep, he pulled the trigger and made a bull's eye. He continued firing until he had made five bull's eyes in succession, when, returning the rifle, he remarked, "Melican man's gun shootee putty good."

THE club-swinging match for \$400 and the championship of America, between Gus Hill, of New York, and John Monock, of Greenpoint, L. I., was decided at the London theatre in this city. The match was arranged at this office and Richard K. Fox was the stakeholder. A tremendous crowd assembled to witness the affair and the match was an interesting one. Monock handled the 8-pound clubs very scientifically but his style could not be compared to the science and quickness of the champion, who is without a peer in the club-swinging business. Monock went through numerous evolutions for 7 minutes and then Hill swung the 10-pound clubs 10 minutes. W. A. Harding, the Sporting Editor of this journal, who was referee, decided Hill the winner. The judges were James Magowan, manager of this paper, for Hill; H. W. Lawrence, of Hunter's Point, was judge for Monock. Hill, on receiving the stakes, authorized us to state that he will match himself to swing clubs with any man in the world for \$500 a side. Man and money ready at this office.

In regard to Iroquois, P. Lorillard's race horse in England, "Vigilant," in the Sporting Times, says: "So impressed were we with the horse's looks that we, some months before the race, took 1,000 to 20 about him for the City and Suburban. Those responsible for his management, however, could not see in him the good horse we did, and he was not allowed to see the City and Suburban starting post. And yet we had to pull out an animal of whom nothing was known in order to prevent him from taking the Two Thousand Guineas to America. Now that the horse has surprised the stable by showing that he can gallop, we suppose that they will run him off his legs, as they did last year with Parole, and as they are doing with Mistake. Iroquois, we were told, could not stay. Barrett, on the other hand, is believed to be a Derby horse. It would only be in accordance with other mistakes committed by this stable if it were to turn out that Barrett is the animal that cannot get beyond the T. Y. C., and that Iroquois is the stayer. As a matter of fact, we do not think that Barrett can stay, but on a short course he will very likely clip the wings of many of the cracks. Iroquois can scarcely hope to turn the tables on Peregrine in the Derby, but we see no reason why he should not in that race confirm his Two Thousand form so far as the animals that were behind him are concerned."

"THE Champions of the American Prize Ring." Opinions of the press.

A handsome volume published by Richard K. Fox, New York, contains full page portraits of all the champions, elegantly engraved.—N. Y. Sunday News.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is a new and handsome work issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, edited and arranged by William E. Harding.—N. Y. Star.

"Fisticuffs;" Richard K. Fox, New York, has recently issued under this title a handsomely illustrated work which should be a text book for the "Fancy."—N. Y. Sunday Times.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and will doubtless be largely perused by the fistic fraternity.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The only attempt to place on record a complete and connected history of Tom Hyer and his successors who held the championship of America. The book is filled with excellent likenesses of the men, and those who are in any way interested in the prize ring should get a copy of the book.—N. Y. Sportsman.

Richard K. Fox, publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, has issued a handsome book containing a complete history of the heavy-weight champions of America, with authentic portraits of all the noted pugilists and accounts of their battles. The work is the only one of its kind that has ever been published in this country.—Boston Globe, April 3, 1881.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" with their battles and portraits, has been published in convenient form by Richard K. Fox, of New York. The record begins with the memorable fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan and concludes with the Goss-Ryan battle in Western Virginia last June. The sporting fraternity will find this little volume very interesting.—N. Y. Herald, April 9, 1881.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" will be mailed to any address on receipt of 33 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALL LETTERS IN REGARD TO SPORTING MATTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WM. E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

SPORTING.

HANDSOME, Middletown, Pa.—Write to the president of the club.

J. W. SANDERS, Lafayette, Ind.—Send on \$2 and we will mail you the book.

J. P. H., Sulphur, Bowie county, Texas.—We can furnish them. The price is \$3.

WM. SCULLY, Bloomington, Ill.—The POLICE GAZETTE is done with backing pedestrians.

SACO, Me.—The "American Prize Ring" commenced in No. 141 and "Famous Sporting Men" in No. 139.

H. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—Albert, of Philadelphia, has sailed for Europe to compete for the Astley belt.

H. C. E., Bufala, I. T.—Rowell and Vaughn were the winners. Rowell beat Albert and Vaughn beat O'Leary.

H. J. J., Victoria, B. C.—We shall be glad to receive any sporting items, but do not require a special correspondent.

J. T. D., Dallas, Texas.—"A" was correct and the referee's decision was final and just according to dog-fighting rules.

F. C., New York.—Write to D. E. Rose, 71 John st. We have more pedestrian champions than we can at present attend to.

PEDESTRIAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Use 4-pound clubs. 2. Send for the "American Athlete"; it will furnish you with all information.

J. W., Oil City, Pa.—Jem Mace has sold his racing stable and hotel at Melbourne and is now on his way to England via San Francisco.

H. W. B., Boston.—A sure cure for toothache: Take chloroform, spirits of camphor, laudanum, of each 1 drachm. Apply on a little cotton wool.

H. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—The Great Eastern was launched Jan., 1880. 2. She is 680 feet long with 85 feet beam. Ordinary tonnage, 12,000.

J. W., Toledo, O.—1. Wm. Muldoon holds the Græco-Roman wrestling championship. 2. Whistler and Muldoon matches are only exhibition contests.

P. W., Brighton, Mass.—Hanlan has amassed a very handsome competence by sculling and has resolved not to row again for a considerable period.

H. W., New London, Conn.—Bogardus, in his pigeon-shooting match with Fennell, at London, Eng., June 28, 1878, killed 70 out of 100. Fennell killed 68.

A. J., Chicago, Ill.—1. Yankee Sullivan beat Hammer Lane in England, Feb. 2, 1841. 2. They fought 19 rounds in 34 minutes. Hammer Lane broke his arm.

M. S., Erie, Pa.—The "History of the American Prize Ring" commenced in No. 141. Back numbers can always be obtained at this office, 183 William street, N. Y.

DAM, Utica, N. Y.—The Ward Brothers, the same crew that rowed at Saratoga, were beaten by the Paris crew, of St. Johns, N. B., on Oct. 21, 1868, at Springfield, Mass.

M. W. S., Blue Earth, Minn.—On Aug. 13, 1877, George Tarryer sculled from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship Hotel at Mortlake, a distance equal to that rowed by Hanlan and Trickett, in 22m. 55s.

H. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. A. wins. 2. Hindoo's time when he won the Derby at Louisville was 2:38 1-2, but the judges decided the time was 2:40 and their decision is final and all bets follow.

HARRY, Denver City.—In the race between Hanlan and Courtney at Lachine, Hanlan was first around the stake-boat, there being a length between them when they had straightened for the return.

G. W., Bordentown, N. Y.—Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20 1-4, made in California, Nov. 21, 1874, was the best on record till Hopeful beat it in Chicago, Oct. 12, 1878, trotting in 2:16 1-2, 2:17, 2:17.

P. D., Williamsport, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Paddy Ryan has retired from the ring. 3. Monitor and Glenmore ranked as first-class race-horses during last season, but Lake Black-burn could run right away from them.

W. H. S. and J. H., Galveston, Texas.—The story of Hanlan having wheels on his boat is unbecome. The author, John Wildner, who claimed to be a member of the London Athletic Club, turns out to be a myth.

JOHNNY MOONEY, Alexandria, Va.—1. Billy Edwards' height is 5 ft. 4 1/2 in., and he used to fight at 124 pounds. 2. We never knew of a light-weight pugilist in this country his equal and we have witnessed all his fights since 1868.

P. W., Parker's Landing.—The first score made in the contest for the O'Leary International belt was Hughes', the POLICE GAZETTE entry, 568 miles; Albert, 558 miles; Vint, 529 miles; Krohne, 529 miles; Howard, 515 miles.

GEORGE W., Pottsville, Pa.—In a race for the English rowing championship Chambers beat Kelly, Sept. 29, 1859, in 25m. 25s. 2. Kelly beat Chambers August 8, 1863, in 23m. 23s. 3. Renforth's time against Kelly was 23m. 15s.

P. W., Austin, Texas.—Richard K. Fox, proprietor of this paper, has agreed to match Paddy Ryan to fight Sullivan, the Boston giant, for \$2,500 a side. 2. Paddy Ryan is the recognized champion heavy-weight pugilist of America.

P. W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—On May 30, 1887, Deaf Burke and Sam O'Rourke fought near New Orleans and the former was proclaimed the winner by general consent, but O'Rourke's Hibernian friends interfered and a very miscellaneous row ensued.

S. H. L., Sterling, Ill.—1. There is no record. 2. In England George Seward ran 120 yards in 11 1-2s. On Feb. 3, at Fannham Park, Eng., W. Johnson ran 130 yards in 12 1-8s. 4. Myers can run 100 yards in 10s. 5. Yes, in some instances it would be a safe bet.

DOMINO, Albany, N. Y.—1. The places you name are mock auctions. 2. This city is now overrun with these places. 3. Bob Casey, of the Lansing House, West Troy, was badly taken in by one of these mock segar auctions while on a visit to New York.

G. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—Trickett will arrive here about the 30th inst. 2. He was born at New South Wales, in 1851. He stands 6 feet 3 1-2 inches in height and weighs 70 pounds. He rowed Hanlan and was beaten by the latter on Nov. 15, 1880, for \$200 a side.

J. W., Chicago, Ill.—The Ward Brothers never defeated the Paris crew of St. John, N. B. The latter four won the only race in which they ever engaged with the Wards—at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1868. On Sept. 11, 1867, the

Wards beat the Morris crew of St. John, on the same water.

H. W., St. Louis.—Send for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring." It will inform you how many times Tom Allen and Mike McCool fought. 2. We are not aware that Whistler and Muldoon will wrestle again. 3. We consider Muldoon to be the champion Græco-Roman wrestler.

P. W., Worcester, Mass.—1. The International O'Leary Belt pedestrian race commenced at Madison Square Garden, New York, on the 23d inst. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown started in this race. 3. Send for the "American Athlete"; it is now ready. 4. Joe Goss never fought any pugilist in America except Paddy Ryan and Tom Allen.

H. S., Port Samia.—1. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., can beat any man in the world jumping when he desires to do so. 2. In professional jumping it is customary to measure from toe to heel, a jump where a competitor falls within this distance not counting as a jump. 3. In Caedonian games it is the rule to measure from the toe mark to the nearest break.

NEWS AGENT, Denver, Col.—The American News Company, or any of its branches, will supply you with all of our books. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE is published in New York and has no connection with any paper published in Boston or any other city in America. 3. If all newsmen would ask for the "Police Gazette," of New York, and see that they got it, such mistakes as you complain of could not possibly occur.

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